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FROM THE EDITOR

WE may be falling into fall, but rest assured absolutely nothing is cooling down in this issue of *Penthouse*. It's all hot, hot, hot in here!

For your pleasure, we have two sizzling Pets. You'll find Kaylee Killion on page 94 and Linsey Donovan on page 112. Their smokin' photo sets were both shot by our fantastic L.A.-based photographer Gerald de Behr.

Learn more about this issue's Cyber Cutie Missy A on page 14 and our Social Premier standout Sunny Rae on page 34.

Get your engine revving with our special automotive coverage, featuring Apocalypse's unique 6x6 creations, One11 Ink's eye-catching prints and wraps, SMP-Fabworks' dynamic aftermarket accessories, and up-and-coming Formula Drift pro racer Trenton Beechum, all beginning on page 44.

On page 80, you'll find our profile of fantasy football expert Lisa Ann, who shares how she became one of the industry's most successful analysts and how her sports career is her most fulfilling yet.

There's also much more to enjoy, including our High Life section and our Tech, Gaming and Man of the Moment articles.

What are you waiting for?

THE PENTHOUSE TEAM

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

MANYVIDS
FT. Harlow Money

DEBRIEF

MADONNA “BIRTHS A TREE” NFT, THE CRYPTOCURRENCY CRASH AND A LESBIAN TIKTOK COUPLE MAY BE CLOSER THAN THEY FIRST THOUGHT

CREDIT: MOTHEROFCREATION.XYZ

WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

MADONNA SELLS NFT OF HER BIRTHING A TREE

THERE'S typical shocking celebrity behavior, and then there's Madonna and her spotlight-grabbing ways.

The pop icon, 64, raised the eyebrows of some—and caused others to gag—when she released an odd collection of NFT videos. The three clips featured close-up nude digital representations of the singer seemingly giving birth to a tree, butterflies and robotic centipedes.

The *Mother of Creation* series was made by digital artist and animator Mike Winkelmann, who reportedly used scans of Madonna's genitals to create the artworks.

The "Vogue" singer said the artistic message behind the works was to draw parallels between womanhood and the life of a tree.

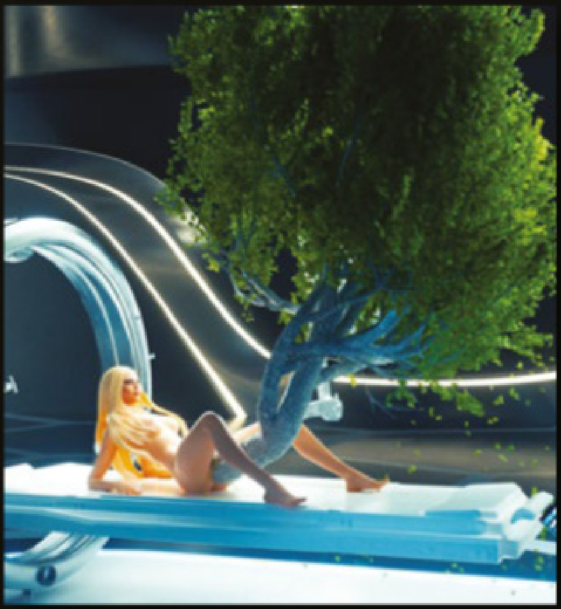
"My journey through life as a woman is like that of a tree. Starting with a small seed, always pushing against the resistance of the Earth. The endless weight of gravity," she elaborated.

Explaining her other input, she recalled, "I say we need a forest with creepy-crawly bugs coming out of me. Not often does a robot centipede crawl out of my vagina."

Internet critics described the NFTs as "cringe" and "scary, yet hilarious," with one person writing: "And there goes the final shred of heterosexuality I had remaining."

The collection was auctioned on NFT marketplace SuperRare and sold for over $627,000.

One person summed up the collection by saying, "It's dumb, but at least it's bold."



CREDIT: MOTHEROFCREATION.XYZ

HALF-BAKED PROTEST

A MAN wearing a wig and lipstick has been arrested after throwing a slice of creamy cake at the *Mona Lisa* in Paris.

The 36-year-old man, who was disguised as an old woman in a wheelchair, tossed the cake at the iconic oil painting's protective glass case—before being swiftly escorted from the Louvre Museum by security guards.

In a video widely shared on social media, the wig-wearing vandal can be heard ranting about climate change to shocked gallery visitors as he is dragged away.

"Think of the Earth! There are people who are destroying the Earth! Think about it. Artists tell you: Think of the Earth. That's why I did this," he said.

Another video making the rounds showed a guard quickly wiping cake remnants off the painting's bulletproof barrier, while onlookers watched.

Officials said the half-baked protestor was arrested and taken to a psychiatric unit.

Weirdly enough, this isn't the first time the world's most famous painting has been attacked.

In 1911, the disappeared from the museum without a trace. It was finally recovered more than two years later when someone tried to palm off the famous artwork to an Italian dealer.

During the '50s, the painting suffered a damaging blow from a rock and was the target of an acid attack. In 1974, when it was on tour at the Tokyo National Museum in Japan, someone sprayed red paint on its glass cover, and in 2009, a Russian visitor, who was pissed off about being refused French citizenship, threw an empty ceramic mug at the painting, but the cup bounced off a protective screen and shattered on the floor.

Crypto Crashes

CRYPTOCURRENCY is infamous for its wild volatility, but the unprecedented, brutal collapse of TerraUSD, one of the world's largest so-called stablecoins, and sister coin Luna, sent a chill through the decentralized finance market and caused a mini crypto crisis after vaporizing billions of dollars of wealth.

Within the space of a few days, investors lost almost $45 billion, as TerraUSD's value went from $80 per coin to a mere 35 cents, while Luna stuck the knife in deeper by plummeting to almost zero, making the coins basically worthless.

The obliteration of the coins not only saw keen investors lose a shitload of cash. It also sent many into mental health spirals, with one investor in Taiwan reportedly dying by suicide after losing his $2 million Terra Luna investment.

The fiasco has been compared to the 2008 financial collapse, with a lack of confidence from investors causing a knock-on effect throughout the broader crypto ecosystem, causing other tokens like Bitcoin and Ethereum to struggle.

Despite the unpredictability of cryptocurrency, one thing is for sure: even stablecoins aren't stable.

Bottle-Fed Babies More Likely to be Fetishists

A FEMINIST from the U.K. has caused some to spit the binky after suggesting babies who are bottle-fed are more likely to develop fetishes for gimp suits as adults.

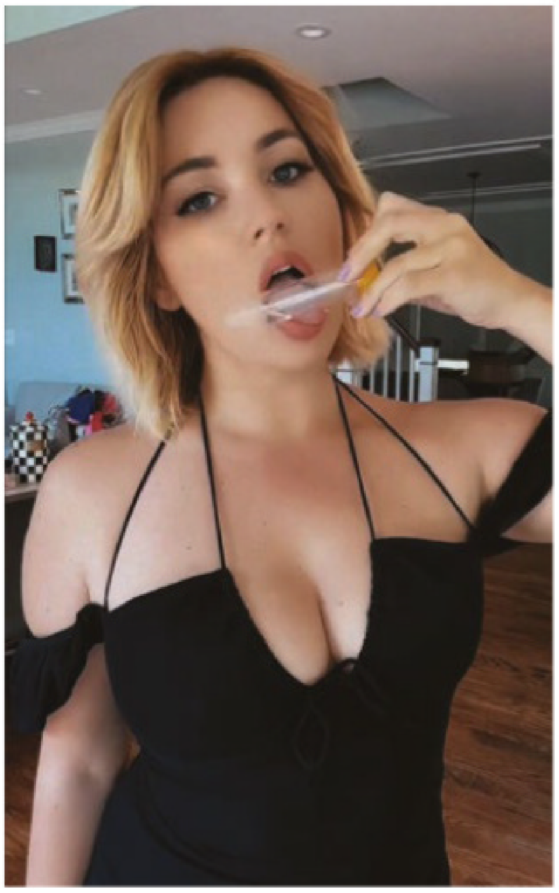
Author and feminist Antonella Gambotto-Burke claims newborns sucking on fake teats is the reason some people develop fixations for rubber, while those who have been breast-fed are less likely to become rubber fetishists.

"Babies who suck on, smell and fiddle with rubber or synthetic rubber-teated bottles and dummies will quite naturally crave the same sensations in later life," she said.

"People feel comforted by rubber. I know I do. I've always been drawn to it and love the smell and the feel of latex clothing."

Gambotto-Burke believes her own predilections are connected to her past and explained, "Now I understand why: It's because I was bottle-fed with those really thick, rubbery teats."

CREDIT: GEORGEPETERS / TWITTER



Breast in Show

REMEMBER the woman who made bank last year from selling her bottled farts? Well, due to a freak fart attack, she was forced to diversify and started selling her tit sweat instead!

Former *90 Day Fiancé* star Steph Matto made headlines after claiming she earned over $200,000 from selling jars of her farts.

The fartpreneur reportedly earned a cool $1,000 per jar of hot gas. But Matto claimed she was forced to retire after her flatulence-forming diet of eggs, beans and protein shakes wreaked havoc by causing an excessive buildup of gas, which triggered frightening chest pains.

But the 31-year-old, who described herself as a “pretty inventive and innovative person,” seems to have adapted. She’s now hawking vials of her boob sweat for up to $500 each and said she’s already sold more than 50!

“I like to call myself the human maple tree and the boob sweat my sap. I sit there and collect my sap the same way a maple tree does,” she said.

“Sometimes it can vary how long it takes [to fill up a vial] as it depends on several scientific factors, mainly the heat, movement and how hydrated I am.”

Despite having her TikTok account recently disabled, Matto said the setback won’t stop her from her mission to normalize unconventional ways of making money.

“I have more haters than I can count! But I never quit, and I never stop!” she said.

MAMMOTH GRUDGE

OF all the animals in the kingdom, elephants might not have the greatest eyesight, but they apparently never forget a face.

A woman in India was trampled to death by an elephant, and the peeved pachyderm returned for a second round, aggressively attacking her corpse at her funeral in front of horrified mourners.

Maya Murmu, 70, was collecting water from a well in a forest when she was assaulted by an elephant that had escaped from a nearby wildlife sanctuary. She was taken to a hospital with critical injuries, but she did not survive.

Later that day, while Murmu’s family was performing her funeral rites, the tusked terror returned and attacked the woman’s body, snatching it from the pyre and violently trampling it before letting out a roar and running off.

But the damage didn’t end there. The enraged elephant found the deceased woman’s home and went on a rampage, destroying the residence—and killing her goats!

Penises Get the Shaft from Pollutants

JUST when you thought we were slowly returning to a semblance of normality, a scientist has recently published some alarming findings that suggest penis sizes are shrinking!

Dr. Shanna Swan, an award-winning environmental epidemiologist, wrote in her book *Count Down* that microplastics and environmental pollution are causing higher rates of erectile dysfunction, a decline in fertility and boys to be born with smaller penises.

Describing the situation as an “existential crisis,” she explained in the book, “Chemicals in our environment and unhealthy lifestyle practices in our modern world are disrupting our hormonal balance, causing various degrees of reproductive havoc.

“Babies are now entering the world already contaminated with chemicals because of the substances they absorb in the womb.”

Dr. Swan said environmental pollutants like phthalates are to blame.

Phthalates are man-made chemical compounds used to make plastics more durable and flexible and increase the spreadability and absorption of personal care products. They’re used in endless items from shampoo and soaps, to vinyl flooring, solvents and even sex toys.

In research conducted on rats, rodent fetuses that had been exposed to phthalates showed signs of stunted development and males were more likely to be born with smaller penises than those not exposed.

The findings also suggested phthalates are responsible for erectile dysfunction and diluting sperm counts. Dr. Swan even cautioned sperm counts could reach zero by 2045!

CREDIT: TIKTOK / LUHUANFENG / MANSUM008

Keeping It in the Family

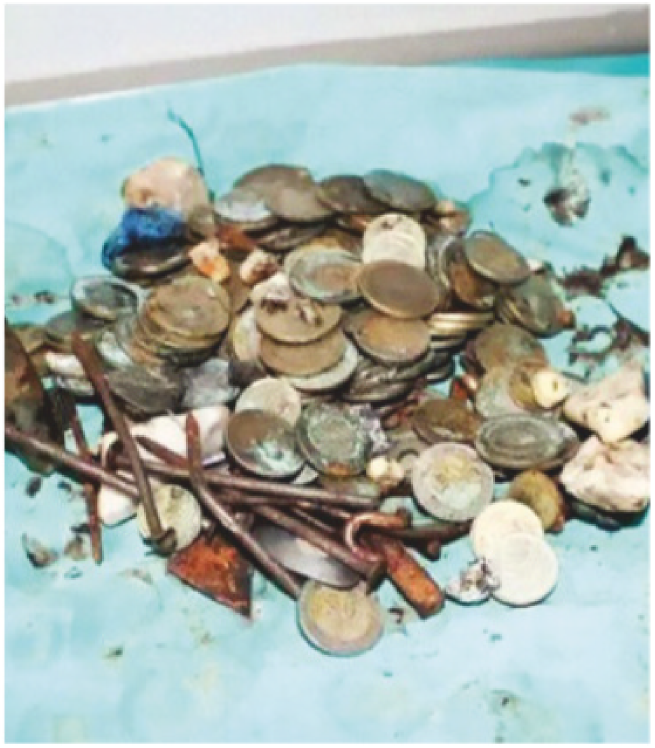
A LESBIAN couple on TikTok, who look like they could have been separated at birth, discovered they might be siblings!

Canadian lovebirds Carley Gonschior and Mercedes Stewart, who run a popular TikTok account with more than 809,000 followers, have been together for over two years. But they claimed to have recently found out their mothers slept with the same guy back in the day.

One of their TikTok videos, which has garnered more than 12.3 million views, 1.5 million likes and over 10,000 comments, caused controversy after the women suggested they would probably continue their romantic relationship—even if DNA tests proved they were half-sisters.

One comment read, "You mean you guys didn't think you were sisters already? You basically have the same face."

Whether their story is the truth—or an elaborate clickbait ruse—while awaiting their DNA test results, the couple kept busy promoting their racy pay site.



CREDIT: JOSHUA LOTT / DOMINGOZAPATA / @MERCEDESXSTEWART

ALL SCREWED UP

A MAN from Turkey brought a whole new meaning to screwed after doctors removed 233 items from his stomach—including nails, batteries, magnets, coins, stones and screws.

The 35-year-old from Ipekyolu, who was only publicly identified as Z, was taken to the hospital by his older brother after complaining of abdominal pain.

Upon investigation of the man's insides, doctors found multiple pieces of metal and stones littering his large intestine, and more than a medium-sized toolbox of small, sharp objects in his stomach, including nails which were stabbing into the patient's abdominal wall.

Doctors were able to extract the contents of the man's stomach and sent him on his way.

A compulsion to eat objects not normally considered food is a psychiatric disorder known as pica. While it's more common in children, it does affect some adults.

Last year in Lithuania, a man took up eating metal in the wake of quitting alcohol, and in 2017, a 32-year-old man from India reportedly required surgery after doctors discovered he had swallowed 263 coins, 150 nails and a quilting needle, among other foreign objects.

Woman Gives Birth to a Rag Doll

A LOVELORN Brazilian, who fell for a rag doll and married it, claimed she's had a baby with her big softie beau.

Meirivone Rocha Moraes said after lamenting to her mom that she was single and had no one to dance with, her crafty parent played matchmaker and sewed her a boyfriend named Marcelo.

"When my mother made Marcelo and introduced me to him for the first time, I fell in love with him. It was love at first sight," she said. "That was because I went to these dances but didn't always find a partner."

Shortly afterward, Moraes and Marcelo had a wedding witnessed by 250 of her closest friends and family. And according to the blushing bride, the couple consummated their vows and Moraes soon learned she was pregnant.

"It's true. Marcelo got me pregnant. He wasn't taking care of himself and didn't use a condom," she said.

The couple went on a honeymoon in Rio de Janeiro before returning home to "give birth" to a stuffed bundle of joy on a livestream watched by 200 viewers.

"Marcelo is a great and faithful husband. He is such a man, and all women envy him," she boasted.

"He has so many great qualities, but the only downside is that he's lazy. He doesn't work at all. But I'm a warrior, and I keep it going for us."

Ain't love grand?

Mysterious Lake Monster

FORGET the Loch Ness Monster. An unknown creature has supposedly snatched multiple geese from the surface of a lake in England, and locals have been warned to stay out of the water!

Wayne Owens, 61, who works at Ullswater lake and has been regularly swimming there for over 40 years, said he witnessed several geese being dragged to their deaths by "something" under the surface.

Owens wrote on social media: "BEWARE on ULLSWATER today I saw a full size goose taken off the top of water and dragged underneath I work on the lake this was witnessed by person working on boat with me … NOT A JOKE."

The outdoorsman claimed upon telling the tale his skipper admitted he'd also never seen anything similar in his time working on the lake. However, the next day, they both witnessed another mysterious attack.

"I was talking to the skipper when another two small grey lags maybe 5lbs each and they could not fly properly were dragged under," Owens said. "The first one was taken down immediately. My skipper who has 36 years of experience was with me and said he had never seen any goings-on like it. Within 15 seconds the second one had been taken."

Describing the experience as "traumatic," Owens warned locals to stay out of the water.

"Do Not let your dog swim here in my opinion I have been coming here 45 years skipper 36 years NOT WITNESSED this have spoken and reported to specimen fish hunter NOR PIKE NOT OTTER read reviews of people also witnessing on Ullswater BE CAREFULL," he wrote.

Some residents believe the geese are simply being attacked by predatory pike, a type of carnivorous fish. But others are adamant catfish are responsible for gobbling up the geese.

One resident wrote, "It'll be a Cat Fish for sure. Nothing else in fresh water is capable including Pike as a Pike if big enough would run after it's got a hold and you'd see that closer to the surface."

CREDIT: JAM PRESS / @MEIRIVONE ROCHA / TRAMPER2

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WILD CHILD

MISSY A

MISSY A

CURVY camgirl Missy A mesmerizes her audience with her bedroom eyes, pillowy lips and seductive body. The busty brunette hails from Romania, but her enchanting online presence extends well beyond the borders of her native country. Missy speaks English, Romanian and German, but she's also well versed in the language of lust. She shares, "Sexual fantasies say a lot about the emotional places we go to in our minds. When you find out what's sexy for you or your lover, you will both want to do it more—and search for whatever else you have hidden in that beautiful brain!"

A self-admitted perfectionist, Missy confides she's happiest when everything goes according to plan. But one look at this issue's captivating Cyber Cutie tells us she is perfection personified!

Aside from modeling, what other jobs have you had?
I've worked as a makeup artist. It's one of my passions, so it's something I continue to do. But my dream job would be to travel the world, helping people in need.

What do you like doing in your spare time?
I love browsing through bookshops.

What is your favorite way to relax?
Shopping! But I also enjoy hiking, jogging and long walks in the woods.

How would you describe yourself?
I'm curious, creative and a risk-taker. I'm proud to say I'm not afraid to speak up for myself. I don't keep my emotions hidden. I definitely wear my heart on my sleeve!

Name an item on your bucket list.
I'd love to swim with dolphins.

AGE: 24
HEIGHT: 5'5"
MEASUREMENTS: 38C-27-42
NATIVE COUNTRY: Romania
TWITTER: @Missyy_A
INSTAGRAM: @_missyy_a
WEBSITE: missy-a.flirt4free.com

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ELLY NOVAES

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“I grew up in Brazil, and sometimes I miss having nothing to worry about and just being happy. I intended to pursue a modeling career, but I also wanted to do something farm- and animal-related.

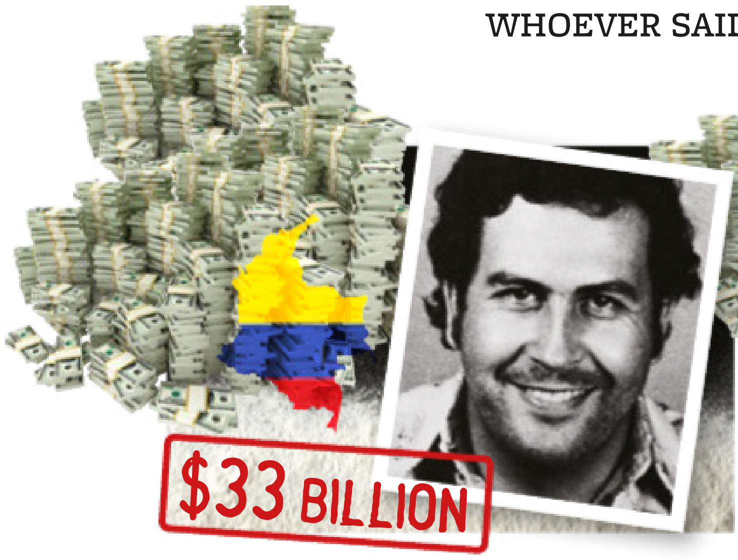
“Now things are amazing, like being able to portray multiple characters for the camera, meeting lots of people and traveling the world doing work I love. Every photo session is the best therapy I could have. It is the place where I feel alive and full.

“I consider myself a person who works hard. I am always ready to fight for my dreams. I am passionate about people and life. I strive to be kind in my actions, and I never give up.”

AGENCY: NEW ICON MODELS CREATIVE
DIRECTION: YESSICA MICHELLE SALAS
@YESSICASALAS_CS

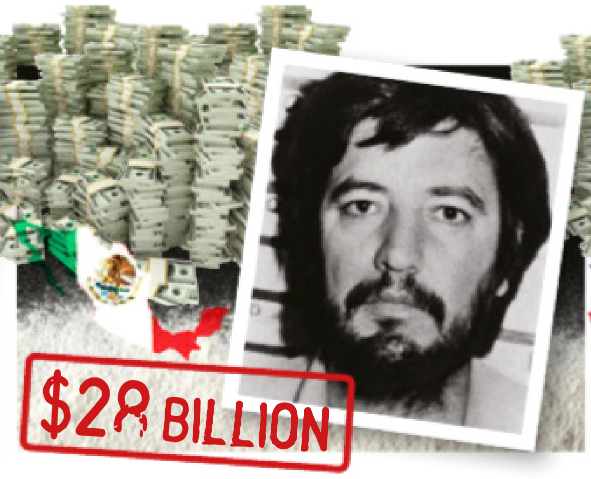
Richest Drug Lords in the World

WHOEVER SAID CRIME DOESN'T PAY CLEARLY COULDN'T COUNT!



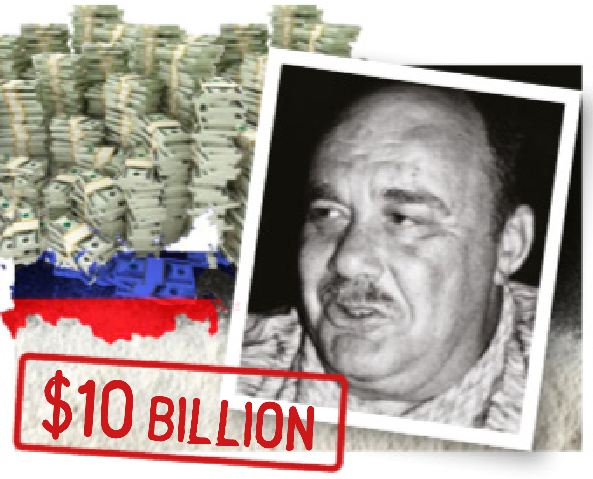
Pablo Escobar

Became the sole leader of Colombia's Medellín Cartel. Was fatally shot in the head while attempting to flee police in 1993.



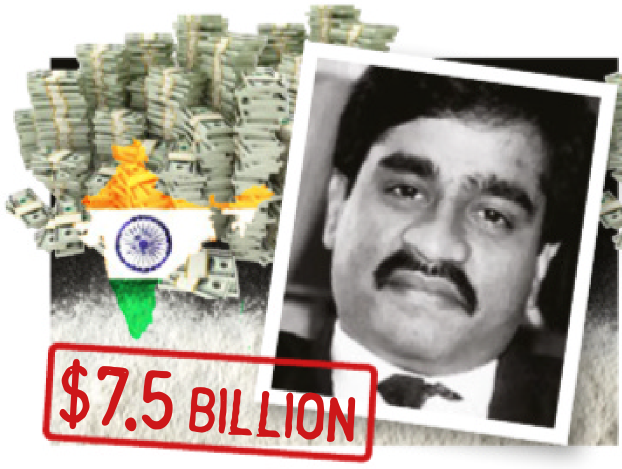
Amado Carrillo Fuentes

Became leader of Mexico's Juárez Cartel after killing boss Rafael Aguilar Guajardo. Died after plastic surgery to change his appearance.



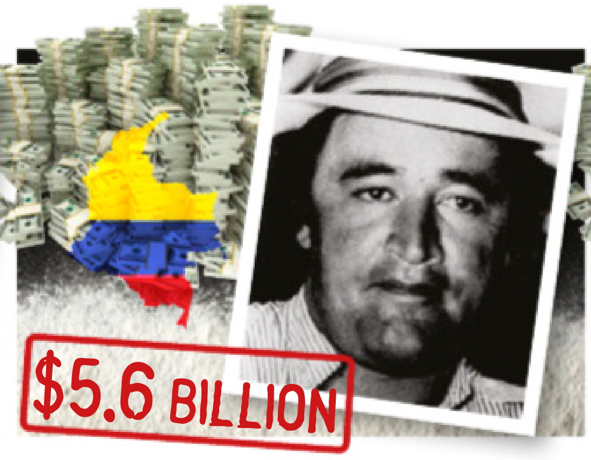
Semion Mogilevich

Russian organized crime honcho. Known as the "Boss of Bosses." Currently living in Russia.



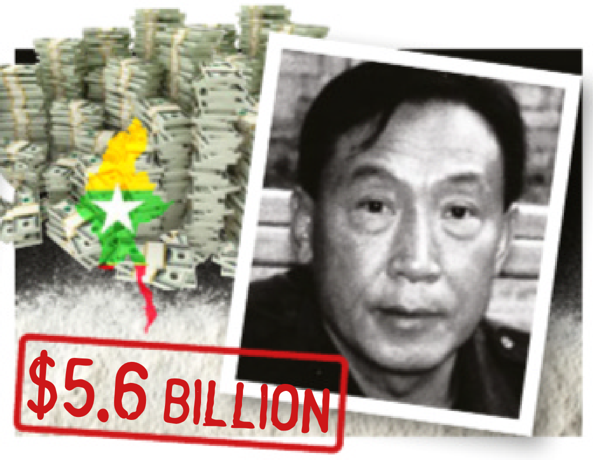
Dawood Ibrahim

Indian drug kingpin linked to the financing of the Bollywood film industry. There's a $25 million bounty on his head.



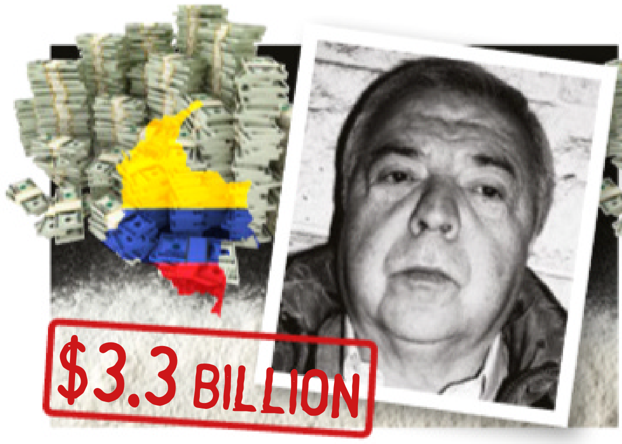
José Gonzalo Rodríguez Gacha

Co-leader of Colombia's Medellín Cartel. Nicknamed "Don Sombrero." Died in 1989.



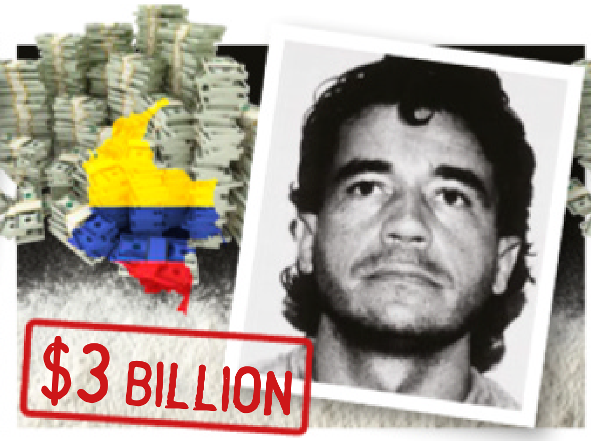
Khun Sa

Burmese heroin trafficker. Known as the "Opium King" and the "Prince of Death." Died in 2007.



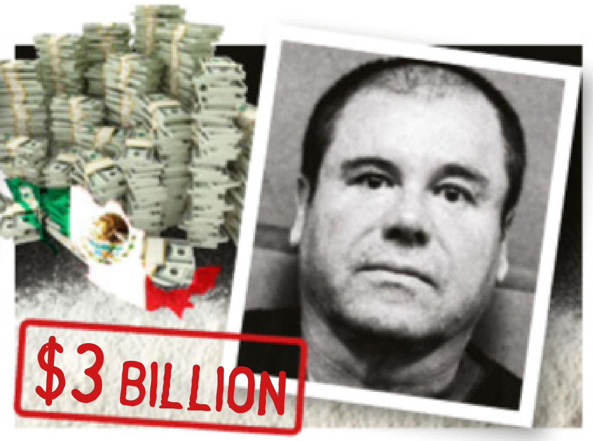
Gilberto Orejuela

Former leader of Colombia's Cali Cartel. Known as the "Chess Player," he died in jail in the U.S. this year.



Carlos Lehder

German-Colombian ex-drug lord, and co-founder of the Medellín Cartel. Released from prison in 2020, after 33 years.



Joaquin "El Chapo" Guzmán

Former leader of Mexico's Sinaloa Cartel. Escaped from prison, was recaptured and is currently serving a life sentence.

CREDIT: CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

FILM

David O. Russell Ignores the Haters

BY ROB PEGLEY

THE cast of *Amsterdam*, David O. Russell's latest film, is impressive. Featuring talents including Christian Bale, Margot Robbie, John David Washington, Rami Malek, Robert De Niro, Mike Myers, Taylor Swift and Chris Rock, it's an amazing ensemble. Some have worked with the director before on films such as *American Hustle*, *Silver Linings Playbook*, *Joy*, *The Fighter* and *Three Kings*.

So far, so good. But the majority of news stories surrounding Russell's first release in seven years suggest he's a piece of shit. When I say news stories, I mean blogs and extended social media posts. But there are a lot of them, and many have swear words in their titles.

The main reason for the vitriol is that Russell has been on the verge of being canceled for a number of years, and there's a groundswell of opinion on the internet insisting it's time the agenda was pushed harder.

In 2011, Russell's transgender niece, then 19, filed a complaint in Florida, claiming the Hollywood hotshot had sexually assaulted her. According to a police report, the moviemaker admitted he'd touched her breasts after claiming she'd allowed him to do so while they were doing ab exercises at the gym. He supposedly did so out of curiosity about her enhanced figure. The case was closed without any charges being brought against Russell.

Such a move was foolish to say the very least, especially for a director known for his genius/madness approach to filmmaking and his volatile emotions. He has clashed on set with Lily Tomlin and George Clooney among others. He's also infamous for allegedly putting fellow director Christopher Nolan in a headlock at a Hollywood party.

Meanwhile, Russell has continued his work raising money and awareness for mental health advocacy, a cause close to his heart. He beautifully expressed his sentiments toward those dealing with mental illness struggles in *Silver Linings Playbook*, which is about a bipolar man returning to his family after spending time in a mental institution.

But seven years without making a movie, after creating four outstanding features in five years between 2010 and 2015, suggests a deeper behind-the-scenes story.

However, *Amsterdam*—a murder-mystery comedy set in the '30s—is slated for release in November and has a slightly quirky Wes Anderson feel about it.

One of the news stories currently making the rounds asks a very valid question: Why are all these top actors choosing to work with Russell? And for reasons other than were intended, that's probably a great question to examine.

> **"The majority of news stories surrounding Russell's first release in seven years suggest he's a piece of shit."**

Bale and De Niro aren't short of work and are great judges of character, and they're happy to be involved. Swift and Robbie are strong women who aren't afraid to voice their opinions, and they're taking part. In the current environment, isn't it telling these high-profile actors haven't shunned Russell?

The cast is diverse, experienced and intelligent, and many have worked with Russell before—and certainly worked with him after—the 2011 controversy. They know him well.

While disgruntled articles continue to swirl, it may be better to look at those closer to the story with no reason to defend Russell in particular—other than that they enjoy working with the creative genius.

How the film performs will be interesting, and how the mainstream media will treat it remains to be seen. I don't know if Russell is a piece of shit, but those close to him seem to think he's OK, so I'm looking forward to *Amsterdam*.

CREDIT: © 2022 20TH CENTURY STUDIOS.

FORTNITE
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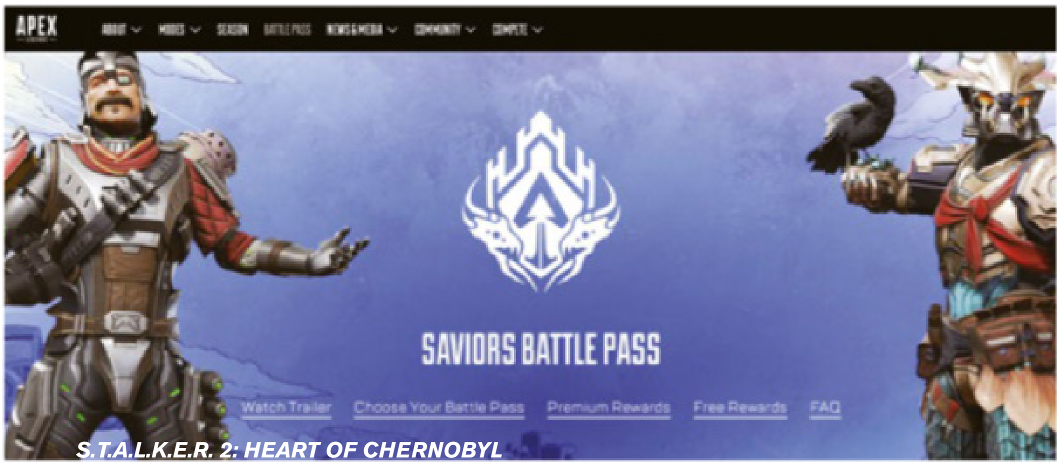
CALL OF DUTY VANGUARD | WARZONE
BATTLE PASS



S.T.A.L.K.E.R. 2: HEART OF CHERNOBYL

GAMING

LOOT BOXES ARE GOING THE WAY OF THE DODO

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

LOOT boxes are going the way of the dodo. They're going extinct, and with good reason. The gambling-based monetization systems of video games may soon be a thing of the past—thanks to new laws in Europe and China, which bar video game developers from the predatory practice that calls on gamers to purchase loot boxes for a chance to unlock new items.

Video games like *Overwatch* and numerous free-to-play MMORPGs are among those affected by new government restrictions in the Netherlands and Belgium, and the United Kingdom might soon follow suit. The move to clamp down on gambling-based systems comes as governments raise their concerns over the detrimental effects of gambling, especially on younger players.

While this may seem like a negative for game studios that earn most of their income from each pull of the slot machine, developers have figured out ways to remain profitable through other means—and they're now capable of doing so without treating their customers like gambling addicts.

Enter seasonal battle passes. First popularized by *Fortnite*, and then *Call of Duty* and *Apex Legends*, the system has seen a lot of success, and to top it off, players can now spend more time actually playing the games instead of opening their wallets.

Just as well, the battle pass model typically comes with an in-game item store that allows players to buy the cosmetic items they want at a set price. Getting what you paid for? How preposterous.

Battle passes serve as an almost guaranteed subscription service charged each month or season. And the number of items available and how rare said items will become make them a worthy investment for the gamer—especially those who play a lot.

It's worth noting that the system is different from any subscription-based game like *World of Warcraft*, in that players don't need to pay for it. It's purely optional, and the benefits are typically cosmetic in nature. It's all about looking cool, and what's more important than that?

In addition to being a decent value for the money, the battle pass is also a retention and engagement feature. You need to play the game to level up the pass. After all, you wouldn't want to spend money on something you had no intention of using—and the battle pass encourages players to return again and again, effectively keeping the community alive and preventing the games themselves from dying.

It's easy for developers to implement the system by allowing it to function as a paid progress bar. The players feel rewarded for engaging in the games themselves thanks to the psychological triggers associated with the battle pass; every one of them comes with a set of rewards for every milestone, with one at the end that makes the whole endeavor worthwhile. And for players who simply enjoy the games, it's the icing on an already tasty cake.

For many, it's a move in the right direction for an industry that now faces skyrocketing development costs, and it also encourages developers to keep putting work into their titles to ensure players want to pay into the system. After all, if the developers can't deliver constant and consistent updates, then the system falls flat on its face.

> **"For many, it's a move in the right direction for an industry that now faces skyrocketing development costs."**

Moving forward, games that reject the system and remain committed to loot boxes are going to lose out on revenue in countries where gambling in video games is banned and struggle with user retention. After all, video games aren't created in a vacuum.

With so much competition out there, games that actively prey on their customers aren't going to be very popular, and without the user retention that battle passes offer, they'll be just as dead as the loot boxes to which they cling.

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TECH

GOVERNMENT REGULATIONS: GOOD OR BAD FOR INNOVATION?

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

THE European Union (EU) is cracking down on Apple's use of Lightning connectors in favor of a unified USB-C standard, which is commonplace on Android phones, PC computers, consoles and even Apple's own iPad and MacBook systems.

You might be wondering: Why should governments get involved in what tech companies put on their phones?

The answer is complicated, so let's break down why it's ultimately a good thing for consumers.

The EU's reasoning is that Apple's Lightning connector, which is completely proprietary, creates unnecessary waste.

It's hard to disagree when so many people's drawers are filled with a slew of different chargers—one for every electronic device lying around the house.

The EU's point that Apple connectors create unnecessary waste is sound.

Remember Apple's 30-pin cables for iPads and Samsung's innumerable proprietary connectors?

By adopting a universal connector, these sort of issues become problems of the past.

With more companies switching to renewables and recyclables, it makes sense to reduce unnecessary waste.

Also note the price of plastic packaging pales in comparison to resources going into the production of each new connector. We could all potentially look forward to a future devoid of landfills replete with useless old cables.

Even if the planet's not on your mind, you'd have to agree there's nothing more annoying than not being able to use a decade-old device because you can't find the right charger.

With a single power connector, you wouldn't need to hunt down an Apple charger when you're over at your parents' house.

No power adapter? No problem. The ubiquity of USB-C would have the added benefit of allowing your phone to get juiced up directly from any PC.

What's more, the $20 you'd spend on a spare phone charger—or the $10 you'd use to purchase an extra Lightning cable—is money you could put toward something else.

Unlike Apple's removal of the 3.5mm headphone jack from their phones, which set a terrible new standard for all other manufacturers to follow, most phone companies have already switched to the USB-C standard—making Apple the only holdout.

With all the positives out of the way, we must address the elephant in the room. Namely that it's wrong for governments to tell tech companies what they can and cannot do.

Some might argue forcing Apple to get rid of its Lightning connector stifles technological innovation—but the fact remains, Lightning connectors are long overdue for a replacement.

Despite being introduced only two years before the USB-C standard, Lightning's age is really starting to show. Two years is huge in terms of tech advancement. Lightning's speeds are roughly 10 times slower than any connection you can get out of a USB-C.

USB-C connectors can carry signals from wires rated for 10 times the speed any Lightning cable can manage, and they're even future-proofed for the upcoming USB-4 standard. Lightning can only carry a measly 12 watts of electricity at 2.4 amps, compared to USB-C's native power support, which ranges from 100 watts at 3 amps to 240 watts at 5 amps.

With all that in mind, USB-C is faster, more efficient and much more ubiquitous. Plus, it's what the industry wants.

The government is merely forcing Apple to get with the times by forcing them to get rid of Lightning—or at least forcing them to accelerate their plans to do so.

If Apple had their way, chances are they'd make yet another proprietary connector. Such standards have enabled electronics manufacturers to create higher-quality products with standardized testing, allowing them to focus on developing innovations that matter, while offering convenience to end-users like you and me.

CREDIT: © APPLE INC.

MUSIC

Forgotten How to Festival? We've Got You

BY PAUL DALGARNO

NOTHING beats being stuck in a field for a few days with thousands of other music lovers, smiling as if you mean it, while your internal soundtrack wails like a whammy bar between euphoria and existential anxiety. At least, that's how it was in the good old days of 2019, when life was more about shredding chords and less about shedding viruses.

You may have been to one of the U.S.'s rebooted overnight events already this year, but if you're looking ahead to festivals with only a vague recollection of what to do, fear not. We've rustled up a refresher for you.

Tickets. Don't forget these. Ditto wristbands and any other proof-of-purchase paraphernalia. There's nothing worse than rocking up and realizing you're *that* person. Your friends will laugh in the first couple of minutes. But they won't after half an hour.

Camping gear. Have moths chewed fist-sized holes in your tent since your last outing? Have your poles rusted? At the festival, consider tying something—a small flag or undies—to your tent to make it stand out, the same way you would with a black suitcase when flying. It's not impossible that someone will be happy when you mistakenly clamber into their tent at four in the morning whispering, "Hi honey, I'm home." But the odds are against you.

If you've parked close to your tent and hear repeated hissing during the night, it *might* be that someone has slashed your tires, but it's probably just a tentful of teens doing whippets. Best to nod along with closed eyes as if you're familiar with all those new songs released during the COVID era, with lyrics like: "I used to respect her, but now she's a vector."

Take baby wipes—especially if you're taking an actual baby. But even without one, those sweet, soggy rectangles can be the difference between festering in bile and festivaling in style.

Wash your hands after going to the toilet. When you're done, wash them again. Then scrub the tap and the soap dispenser. Finish with a spritz of hand sanitizer. Then wash your hands again.

Don't bother filming anything. You'll never watch it, even if it's just a three-second clip of what your mashed brain thought was the highlight of the whole weekend.

Festival fashion. This has changed since 2019. Or has it? Avoid the stress and wear the oldest clothes you have. People of the same vintage will think those bootcut jeans look cool. Anyone born after 2000 will think you're making a statement and ask you to dance with them in their TikTok vids.

> **"Don't bother filming anything. You'll never watch it, even if it's just a three-second clip of what your mashed brain thought was the highlight of the whole weekend."**

On-site first-aid and emergency numbers. Punch those digits into your phone or write them on your arm, but don't injure yourself in the process. Even if you don't need them, someone else might, in which case you'll be a festival hero.

Enjoy!

CREDIT: LCEPPARO

MOTM

JOHNNY DEPP

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

THE majority of people who have chosen to speak up in support of Johnny Depp throughout his toxic, bitter breakup with ex-wife Amber Heard aren’t under any illusion that he’s an angel. He has a long-standing reputation for hard drinking and partying, and he’s been honest about battling gnarly demons that have haunted him after a challenging childhood.

By contrast, Heard chose to go hard with ridiculous allegations and continue to pretend she was the victim, even as her case fell apart.

After the six-week civil defamation trial that gripped the world came to a close, cheers for Depp were impressively loud when the jury found Heard had acted with malice when she wrote a 2018 *Washington Post* opinion piece about being abused. That piece didn’t name Depp, but his team argued it indirectly referred to allegations Heard made against him in 2016 when the couple split and she was granted a temporary restraining order after showing up at a California court with bruises on her face, claiming Depp had thrown a phone at her.

After the verdict, Depp thanked the jury, saying they “gave me my life back.” He wasn’t talking about the $10.35 million in damages he was awarded; he was talking about his reputation and peace of mind.

Depp said he chose to fight the case for the sake of his children, Lily-Rose and Jack, even knowing some testimony would not paint him in a good light.

He said he helped his ex win the biggest role of her career in *Aquaman*, but added he later warned the studio about her when he knew things were “going to end up ugly” after their split.

She’s reminiscent of the ex many men have had, the chaotic, absolute nightmare of a bitch who thinks nothing of leaving a blaze of destruction as she struts out of the house, threatening to get even. Sadly, many men have endured abusive relationships and faced malicious allegations.

At the end of the trial, Depp’s lawyer Camille Vasquez told the jury, “This is a woman who burns bridges. Her close friends don’t show up for her. You may have noticed no one showed up for Ms. Heard in this courtroom other than her sister ... every other witness who traveled to Virginia for her was a paid expert.”

But there’s still a queue of angry feminists eager to fling mud at Depp. A spokesperson for the #MeToo movement said the trial had been a “toxic catastrophe,” as if that was all Depp’s fault.

In truth, Heard never represented all women; she represented the worst of women who falsely blame men.

> **“Depp’s win was a win for men all around the globe; it will encourage other men to speak up about domestic violence and unhinged women.”**

Depp’s win was a win for men all around the globe; it will encourage other men to speak up about domestic violence and unhinged women. His win was a score for true equality and for all who believe in it.

Now, Depp is ready to restart his career. His new album with British guitarist Jeff Beck, titled *18*, came out in July. (The pair previously released the single “Isolation” in 2020.)

At a show with Beck in England, Depp told the crowd he’d met Beck five years ago and they’ve “never stopped laughing since.”

To see Depp turning to music is not a surprise. Although he is best known as an actor, he actually dropped out of school to become a musician. In the ’90s, he played in the rock band P, which sometimes featured performers from the Red Hot Chili Peppers and Sex Pistols. In 2015, he formed Hollywood Vampires with Alice Cooper and Aerosmith’s Joe Perry.

“The best is yet to come, and a new chapter has finally begun,” said Depp in a statement after the verdict.

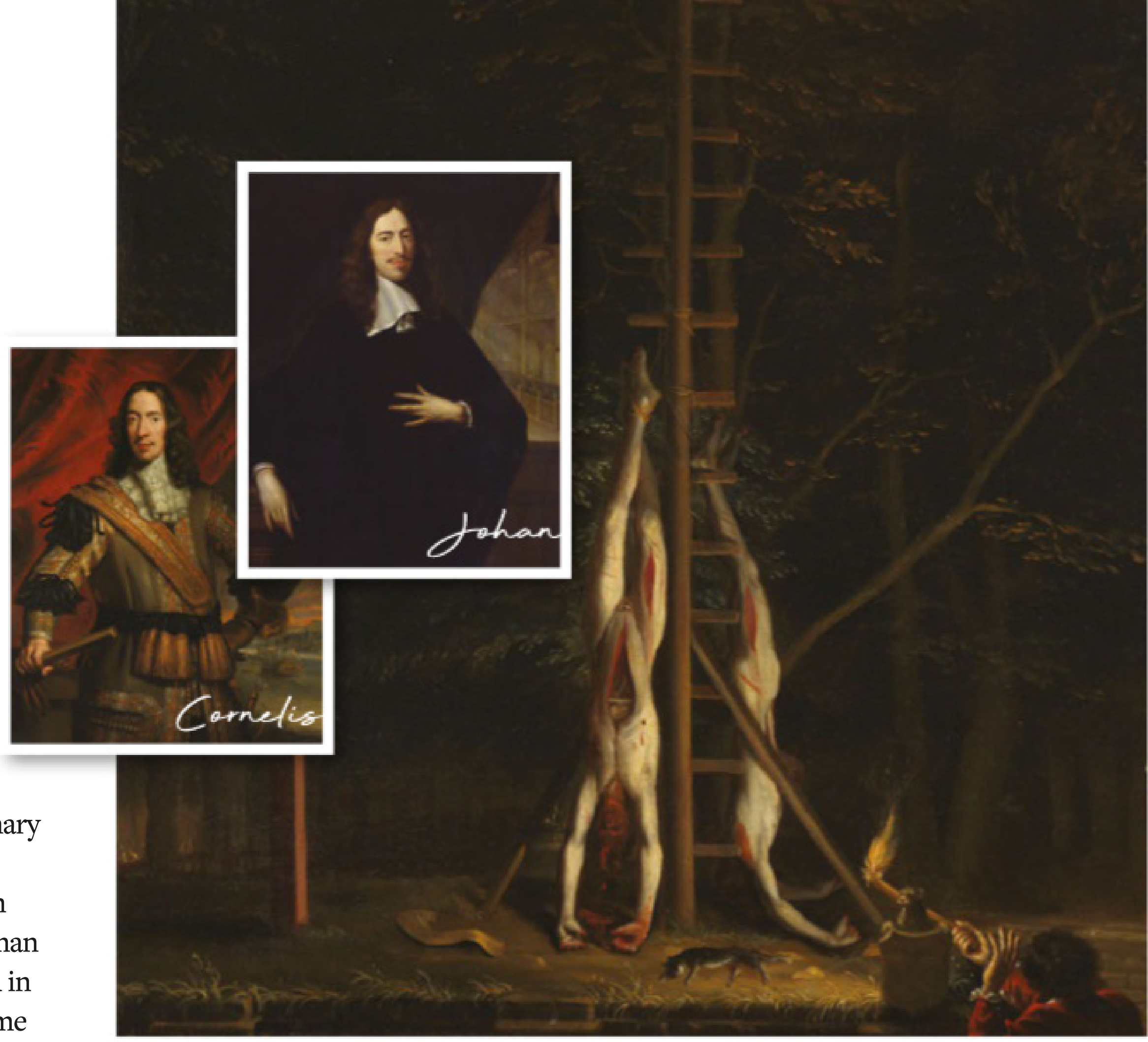
Bring. It. On.

CREDIT: GETTY IMAGES

The Dutch Mob Who Tried Cannibalism

THAT TIME DUTCH FOLK ROASTED AND ATE LIVERS OF LEADERS

BY BEN POBJIE



WE ARE fortunate indeed, we who in the 21st century live in nations where politics are conducted in an orderly and well-mannered fashion. Now, of course, there are many people in many countries who would argue with the suggestion that their political system is orderly, and millions who would take issue with well-mannered. But in historical terms, we live in a golden age of respectful public debate and electoral stability, as evidenced by the fact that it's well over four centuries since the citizens of a major Western power killed and ate their national leader.

Yes, there is quite a story there, so we skip back to the 17th century, when the Netherlands was a powerful trading and seafaring nation—a far cry from the adorable flowery little spot with an economy entirely dependent on André Rieu DVDs that it is today.

These were the days of the flourishing Dutch Republic, a federation of the seven provinces of the Netherlands, the largest and most powerful of which was Holland. (Yes, Holland is only one part of the Netherlands, not the whole country. Amaze your friends by whipping out that bit of knowledge.) And the most powerful man in Holland—and therefore the most powerful in the whole republic—was the raadpensionaris, or Grand Pensionary, Johan de Witt.

De Witt was made pensionary in 1653 and helped guide the republic to increasing wealth and clout. But no powerful man is ever without enemies, and in de Witt's case, they were some real doozies.

Opposed to de Witt—and the republican cause he spearheaded—was the House of Orange, the Dutch noble family that had ruled the Netherlands. But it was waning in power following the smallpox death of William II of Orange in 1650, two days after the birth of his namesake son.

De Witt's republicans worked assiduously to keep the Oranges from accruing influence and make sure William III would grow up to serve the state rather than take control of it.

De Witt succeeded in ruling the republic for almost 20 years, but in 1672 things turned ugly. The Dutch still refer to 1672 as the Rampjaar or Disaster Year.

In this year, both England and France attacked the Dutch Republic, which—thanks to 20 years of focusing on its sea power—had a notably weak army. The English and French, being from more populous nations with lots of terribly mean soldiers, therefore easily stormed the country, and the people began to think maybe their Grand Pensionary wasn't all he was cracked up to be.

The pro-royal Orangists, not worrying about how silly their name sounded, saw their chance and took it. On June 21, de Witt was wounded by a knife-wielding wannabe assassin. On Aug. 4, he resigned, hoping that might sate his enemies' bloodlust. His hope was in vain.

> **"The Orangists, not worrying about how silly their name sounded, saw their chance and took it."**

Johan's politician brother Cornelis was arrested on charges of treason, which were about as well-founded as 99 percent of treason charges throughout history, i.e. not at all. Cornelis was tortured and sentenced to exile, and his brother came to the jail in The Hague to help him start his trip far away from the Dutch Republic and the ingrates who'd screwed over them both.

As it happened, though, the Orangists weren't satisfied with the sober judgment of the law. The Hague's local militia attacked the de Witt brothers at the jail and shot them both. They then left them to the tender mercies of a frenzied Orangist mob that had gathered. Stripped naked and mutilated, the bodies were strung up in the public square, at which point the mob began to act in what might be called bad taste.

There in The Hague on Aug. 20, the Dutch people settled in for a feast. To be specific, they roasted and ate the livers of both Johan and Cornelis. Many historians believe this to be a low point in Dutch history, and certainly it's true most people's assessments of the Dutch national character tend not to include revolutionary cannibalism. Why they felt the need to devour the flesh of their erstwhile leaders cannot be said. Even in those brutal times, mobs tended to be satisfied with the desecration of corpses, without chowing down on them. One might simply surmise Johan had really pissed some people off.

The whole affair ended in the ascent of William III to power over the Dutch Republic, and thence to the throne of England, Ireland and Scotland. That was certainly a fortunate coincidence for him, since he had stayed out of the conflict entirely and had absolutely no part in inciting or aiding the agitators in any way, and anyone who says he did is a dirty liar. Still, he may have occasionally in later life felt a slight queasiness as he recalled the gourmet dinner which had precipitated his rise. ❶

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RAY OF SUNSHINE

SUNNY RAY

36 PENTHOUSE

Sunny Ray

COSPLAY cutie Sunny Ray combines her stunning looks, dynamic personality and love of storytelling in her sexy social media posts, which reach a collective audience of more than 3 million fans!

A longtime introvert, the Arkansas native has come out of her shell and into her own by following her passions and sharing them with the world. Whether she's suited up as a favorite anime character or a popular superhero, Sunny puts her own personal stamp on the content she creates. Now, she's showcasing her unique charm in the pages of *Penthouse*!

Sunny describes herself as very friendly and nonjudgmental, but also tells *Penthouse* her spontaneous nature can get her into trouble. But one look at this beguiling beauty tells us it must be trouble of the very best kind!

FAST FACTS

- Her favorite ways to relax: Watching YouTube videos and playing video games
- Her fantasy jobs: "It would be fun to be a DJ. But I love being surrounded by nature, so I'd also like to own an orchard."
- Her favorite animals: Jellyfish and horses
- Her best qualities: Determination and the ability not to hold grudges
- Her dream role for a day: Fairy

AGE: 26
HEIGHT: 5′7″
MEASUREMENTS: 34B-25-34
INSTAGRAM: @sunnyrayyxo
TWITTER: @sunnyrayxo

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PENTHOUSE 41

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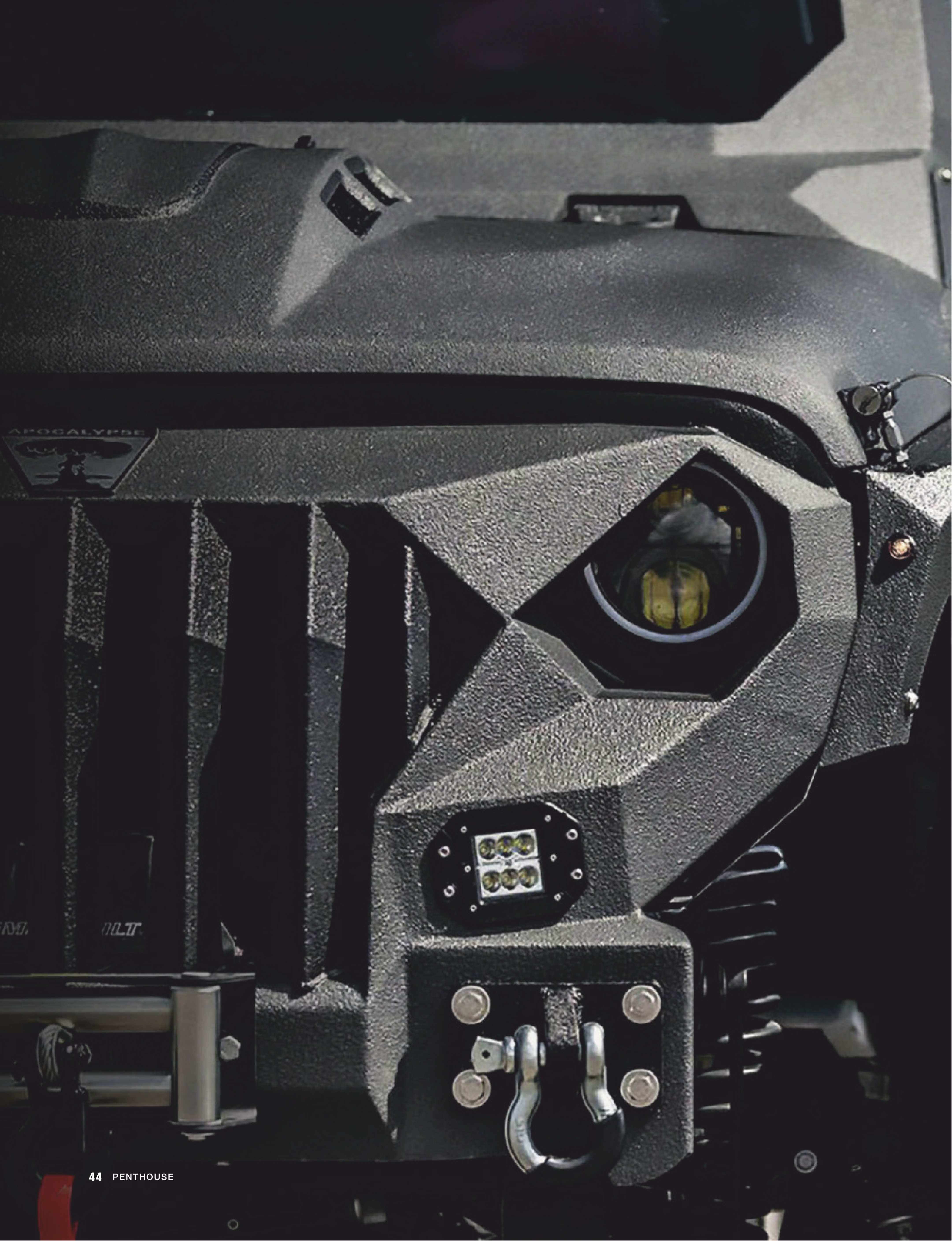

APOCALYPSE

ROAD WARRIORS

APOCALYPSE MANUFACTURING CRAFTS THE MOST BADASS BUILDS ON SIX WHEELS—AND THEY'RE REVVING UP FOR EVEN MORE OUTRAGEOUS CREATIONS

POWER, luxury and innovation. It's rare to find all three qualities in a dynamic vehicle that also looks like it could withstand the end of the world as we know it. But Apocalypse Manufacturing with its bold truck rebuilds delivers all that and more.

Joseph Ghattas, Apocalypse's owner, engineer and head designer, is the mastermind behind the Florida company's six wheel drive creations, which sport names such as *Hellfire*, *Warlord*, *Dark Horse*, *Doomsday*, *Sinister 6* and the brand-new—and utterly monstrous—*Juggernaut*, which measures a whopping 272 inches long.

Ghattas got his start with a small shop focused on upgrading and selling exotic cars. But after patrons repeatedly expressed interest in the custom not-for-sale Jeep rebuilds on display, fate took him in another direction—and he says his passion for invention soon became "less of a hobby and more of a business."

Without a doubt, Apocalypse's vehicles are eye-catching—but there's much more to these ultra-cool beasts than cosmetic bells and whistles.

Every one of their trucks starts its life as a standard pickup. But the 75-person strong team at Apocalypse renovates every inch—inside and out—to their customers' specifications, which involve everything from engines to interiors, night vision cameras, armored add-ons and more.

Ghattas reveals his crew has streamlined their process and can do a total rebuild, with a "full heart transplant"—which includes a kick-ass engine conversion—within 16 days!

Mopar engine options give these behemoth trucks, which typically weigh between 7,000 and 10,000 pounds, plenty of power.

The *Warlord* just ran the world famous *Gumball 3000* and achieved a steady driving speed of 120 mph for the duration of the race.

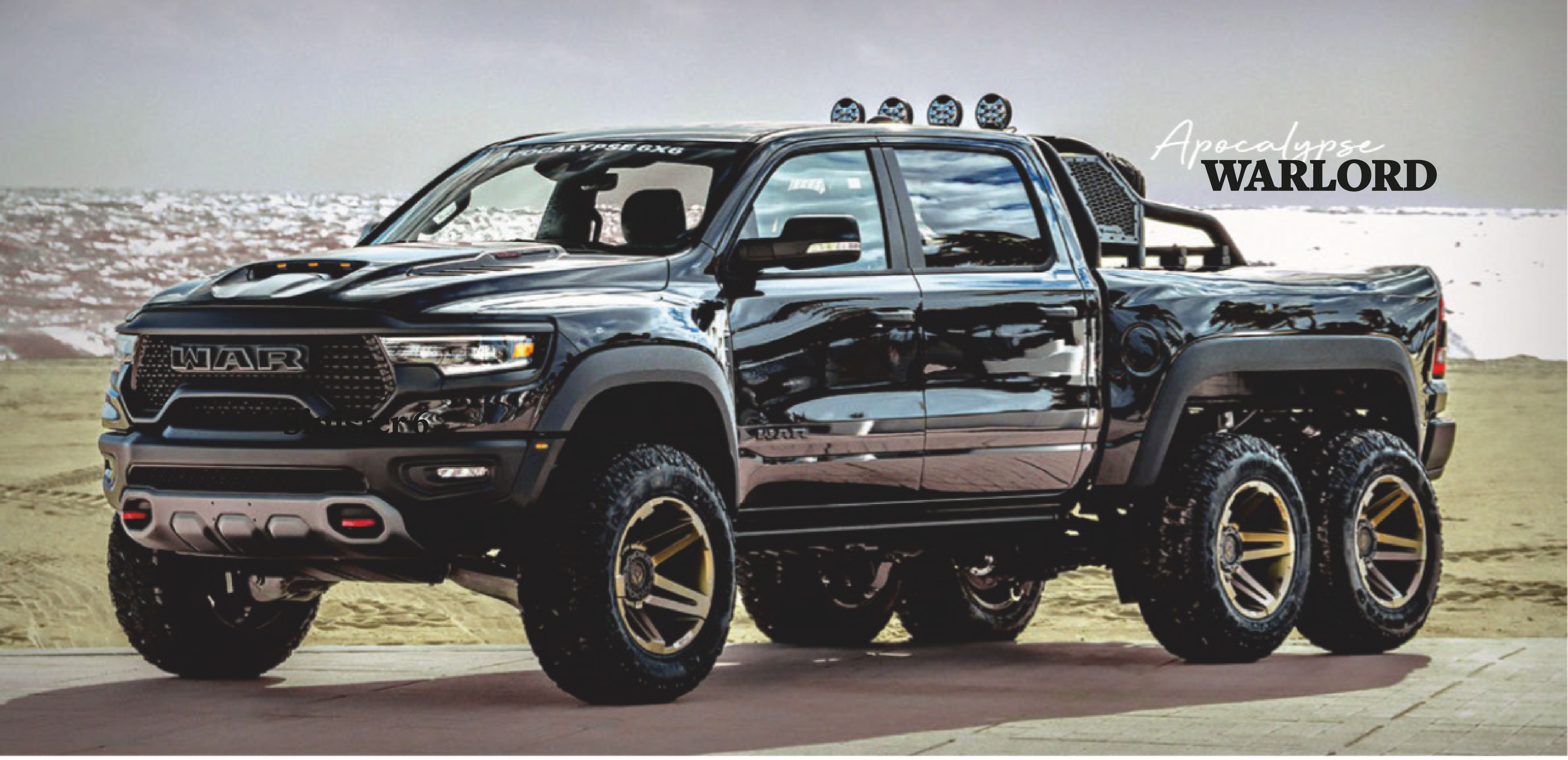
Meanwhile, the jumbo *Juggernaut*—which boasts a modified 6.2-liter supercharged Hellcat V8, churning out 850 horsepower, and six massive 40-inch tires on 22-inch rims—delivers a tremendous 20,000 pounds of towing capacity.

Ghattas shares that the *Juggernaut* takes everything customers love about the popular *Hellfire*—and gives them even more of it!

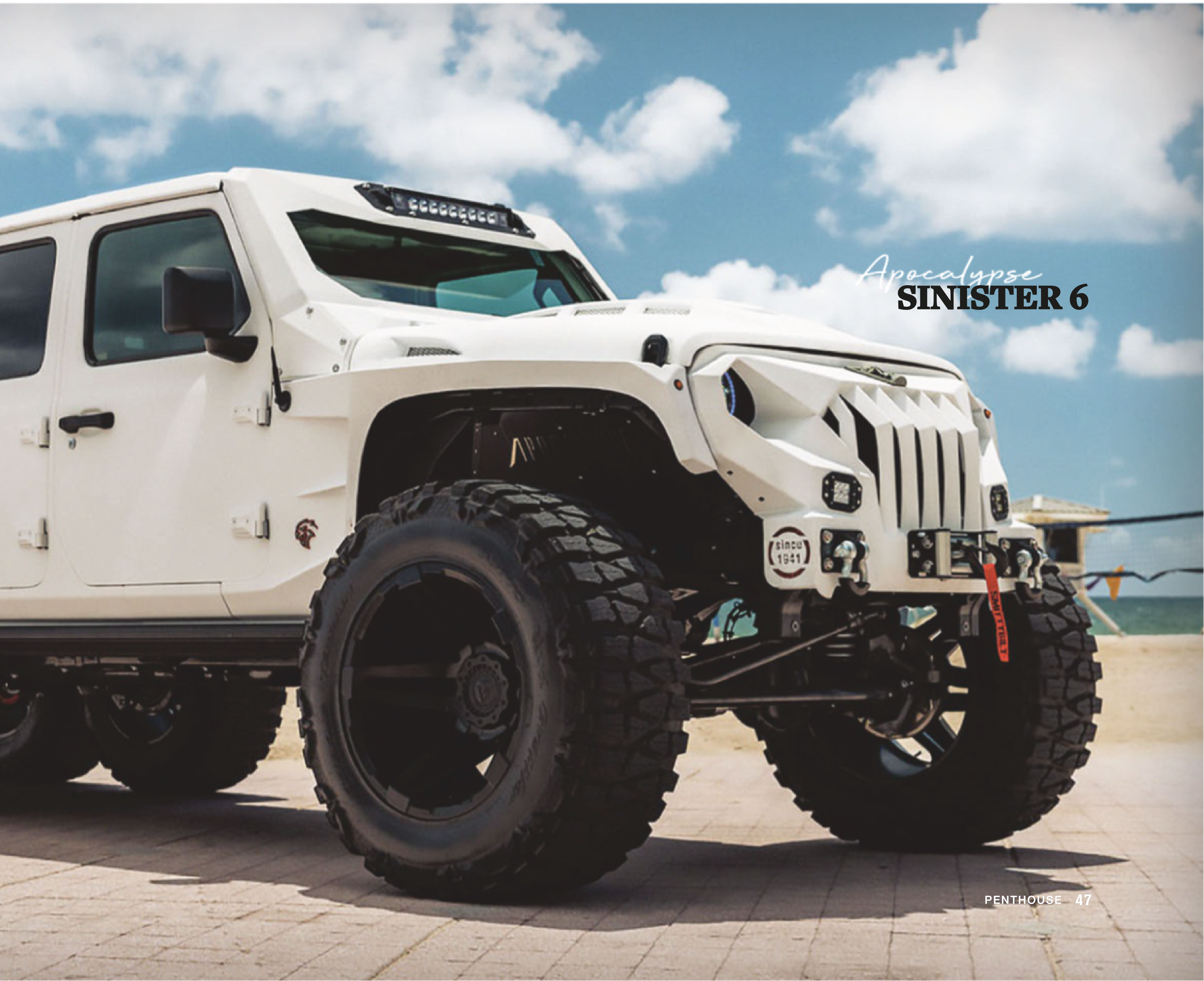
He explains, "It is the largest of the six-wheeled Apocalypse trucks, and one that checks off all the boxes—speed, size, reliability, comfort, space and way more functional features like increased towing and axle lockers."

APOCALYPSE

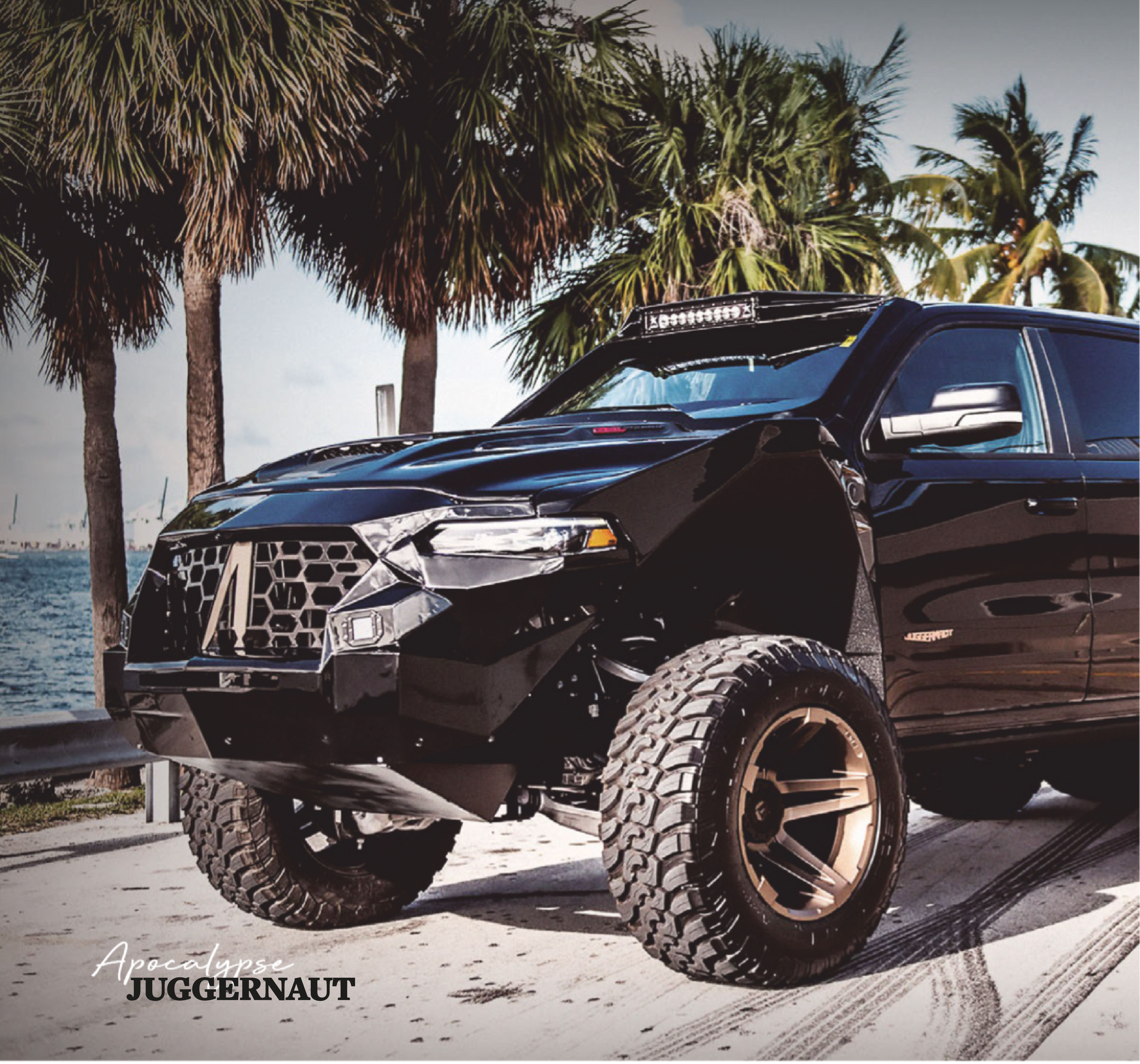
"THE BEAUTIFUL THING IS YOU CAN CREATE SOMETHING AS WILD AND CRAZY AS YOU CAN IMAGINE—AND SOMEONE WILL WANT IT."


APOCALYPSE 6X6
WAR

Apocalypse WARLORD



Apocalypse SINISTER 6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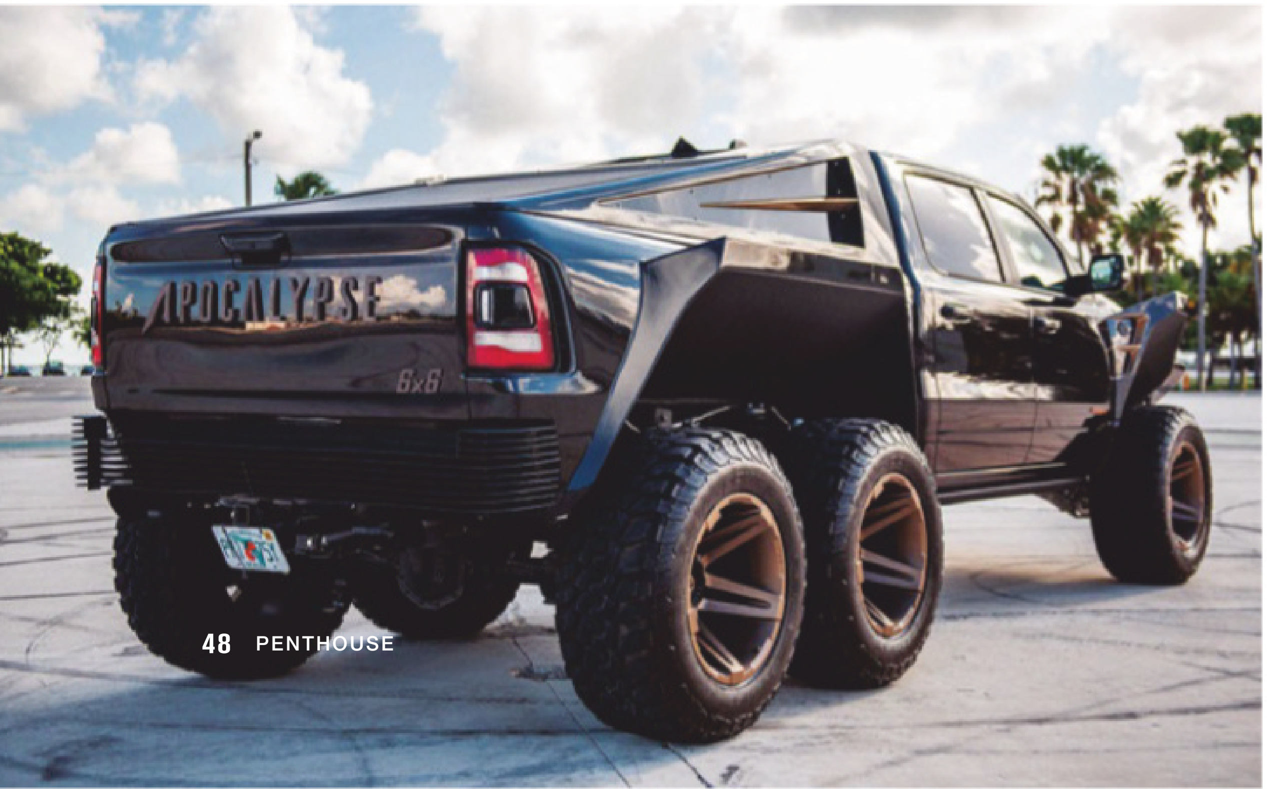
Apocalypse JUGGERNAUT


APOCALYPSE
6x6

"WITHOUT A DOUBT, APOCALYPSE'S VEHICLES ARE EYE-CATCHING—BUT THERE'S MUCH MORE TO THESE ULTRA-COOL BEASTS THAN COSMETIC BELLS AND WHISTLES."

Few companies provide anything close to what Apocalypse offers. But Ghattas says proprietary parts, such as a mechanical middle axle that delivers equal power distribution to all six of the truck's tires, are what set his business apart from the competition.

Ghattas insists his talented team is "only limited by how many hours there are in a day and the customer's creativity."

Approximately 400 man-hours go into each vehicle at their Fort Lauderdale manufacturing location, and Ghattas says, "The culture in the shop is all about quality and speed."

While the crew works toward being as efficient as possible, he says strict quality controls ensure customer satisfaction as they craft luxury products built to withstand whatever their demanding owners dish out.

Steel-front grumpers—grill and bumper combos—windshield armor and proprietary Kevlar-infused paint are designed to keep these trucks looking pristine, even after the most rough-and-tumble off-roading adventures.

But Apocalypse's 6x6s, which the company ships to clientele worldwide, have also proved to be the toast of Tinseltown. They've been featured online in *Jay Leno's Garage* and on the big screen in *The Lost City*, which stars Channing Tatum and Sandra Bullock.

Still, Ghattas isn't content to rest on his laurels and promises he has more cool projects in the pipeline.

He says, "The beautiful thing is you can create something as wild and crazy as you can imagine—and someone will want it. And someone else will want it even wilder and crazier."

For more information, visit **www.apocalypse6x6.com**, *and check out their live webcam to see the production team in action.*

ON THE RIGHT TRACK

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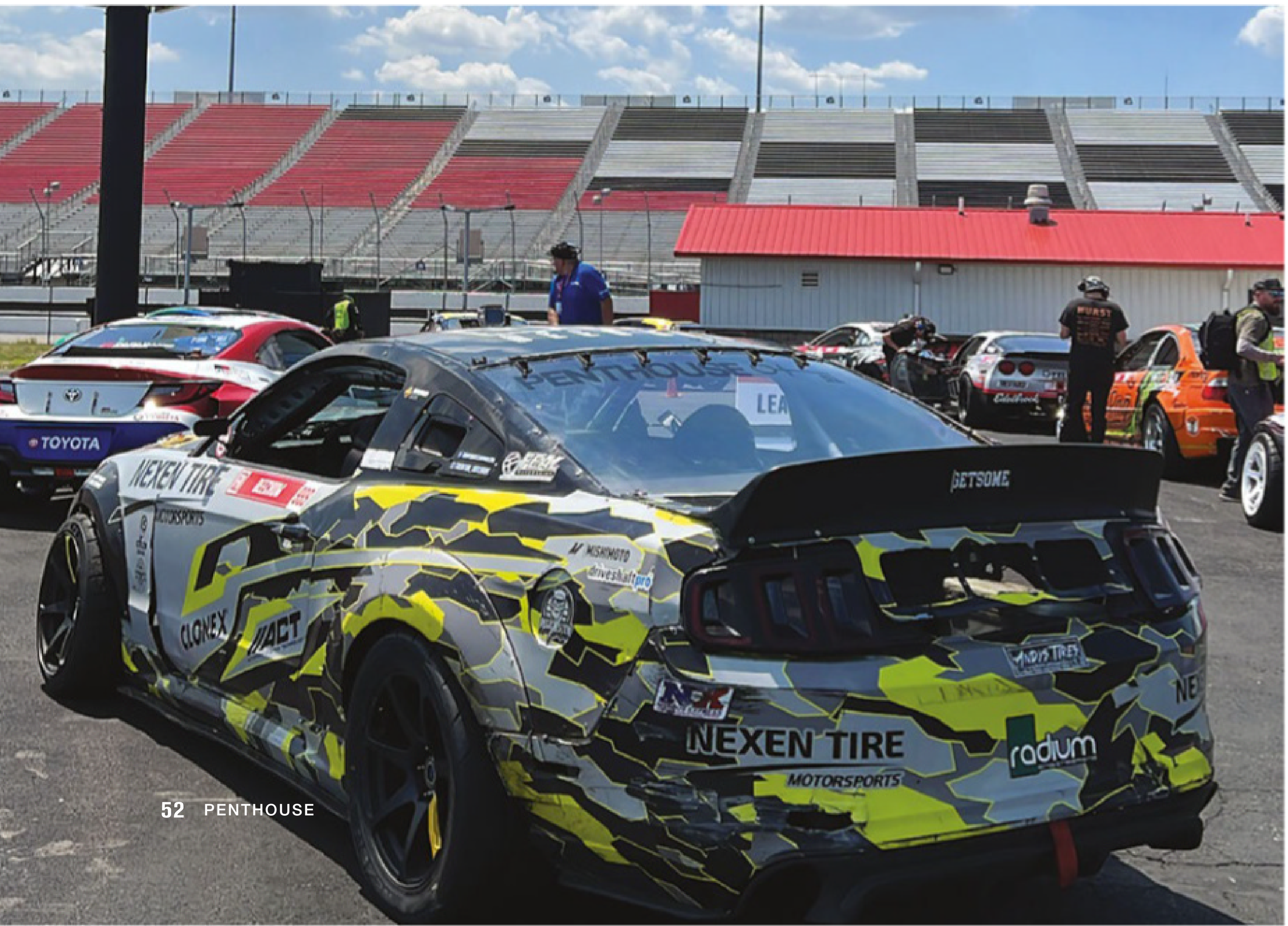

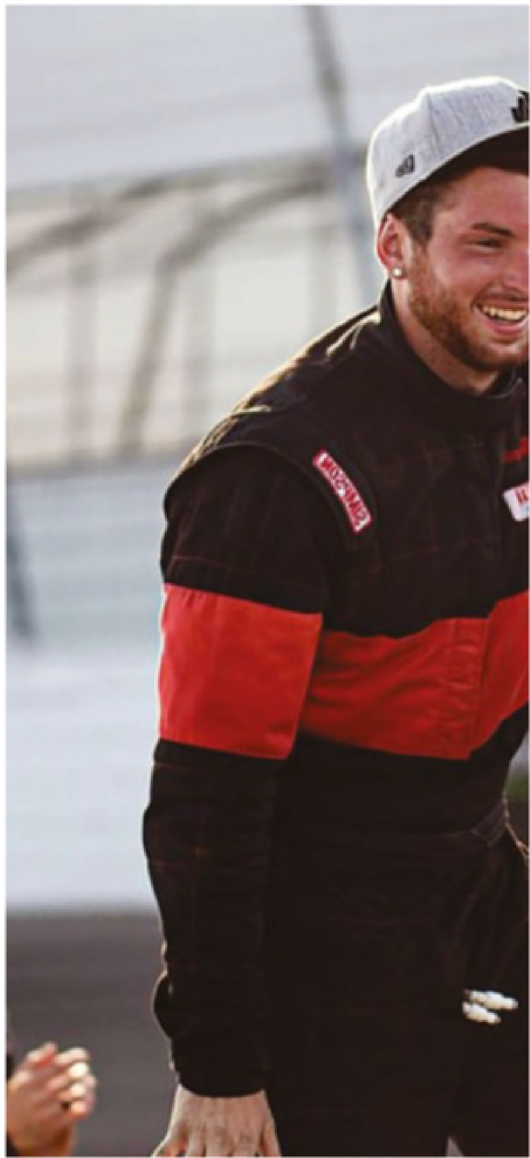

EST 2004
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SHOWDOWN

BURNING RUBBER

FORMULA DRIFT IS THE MOST ADRENALINE-PACKED RACING CIRCUIT YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF, AND RACER TRENTON BEECHUM IS HERE TO MAKE IT YOUR NEW OBSESSION

BY JENNIFER PETERS

A TYPICAL Formula Drift race is over in 45 seconds. A heat is done in under two minutes. And yet, fans and drivers alike are spending hours at the track, breathing in the burning rubber, for the chance to experience the nonstop adrenaline that makes drift racing unique in the world of motorsports.

"It's more exciting than drag racing or circuit racing or anything because [you feel the] adrenaline the whole time," says Trenton Beechum, the sport's newest pro racer. "The runs aren't very long, but we're going 100 miles an hour, neck and neck, with like a thousand horsepower cars. So, it's pretty crazy. It's a good adrenaline rush."

Beechum, 29, has been drifting—literally, not metaphorically—since 2014. In 2015, he was the TopDrift Pro-Am Champion, and in 2019, he was the Formula Drift Pro2 Champion. He got his pro card to move up to the big leagues just before COVID-19 hit, and in 2022, he's finally been able to take on the sport's biggest names in his bid to establish himself as one of drifting's top stars.

Going from the top of the track to the new kid on the block hasn't been an easy transition—it's hard to give up nonstop winning and go back to paying your dues—but Beechum has seen the sport's fan base grow, and he's planning to be there when it blows up and takes on NASCAR and Formula 1 in a battle to be America's favorite motorsport.

"It started off as fun, and it still is really fun because now I'm going like seven times faster and competing with the world's best people," Beechum says.

As a kid, Beechum watched drifters like Matt Field and James Deane, two of the sport's most famous racers, and now, they're his friends—and his competition. But taking on his childhood heroes hasn't been too much of a struggle.

"I like watching them race. I'm not crazy, but I'd rather be out there driving," laughs Beechum, who counts *Penthouse* as a sponsor.

Part of the rush of drifting comes from having to keep a speeding half-ton hunk of steel from spinning out of control while driving mere inches away from your competitor. You know that feeling you get when you start hydroplaning during a storm? That's the same feeling drift racers experience every time they get behind the wheel of their car.

It goes like this: Each heat in drift racing involves only two cars, a lead car and a follow car, and two laps. The lead car takes off and has a certain set of marks to hit around the track's outer zone. When the lead car approaches a turn, the goal is to oversteer and kick the clutch, forcing the wheels to lock up and the tires to lose traction with the asphalt. Then, instead of driving around the curve, the car drifts, the tires shredding as they slide across the pavement. As the car comes out of the curve, the driver has to quickly straighten and regain traction to pull out of the drift.

If that's not complicated enough, this is all happening while the follow car chases after the lead car, trying to hit every mark and match the lead car's speed and angle—while essentially tailgating the competition. Then, they switch roles and do it all over again—in less time than it took you to read this explanation.

"It's very nerve-wracking," Beechum admits. "I still feel that way today. Getting in the car, sitting on the line, it's just the most nerve-wracking thing you can do. [I can't stop thinking] 'Is the car going to survive? Am I going to crash? How fast are we going to go?' But then once you get out [on the track], the next 45 seconds you're just flooring it. You have nothing else to think about except keeping the car floored and as fast as you can go."

If you watch ride-along videos of drifters, you'll see so much activity as the drivers hit a turn. They have nanoseconds, at best, to kick the clutch several times, quickly counter-steer against the curve, and then whip the steering wheel in the complete opposite direction to fly into the perfect drift. There's adrenaline coursing through their bodies from the sheer excitement of it all, but also the very real danger they're in if they fuck it up. And yet, the best drivers execute that sequence with such style that it looks effortless from the outside, almost graceful.

When Beechum meets traditional racers who've decided to give drifting a spin, they're usually freaking out.

"They're so used to driving perfect, driving straight, and then they try drifting and they're like, 'Holy shit! I can't do it. My body is telling me this doesn't feel right,'" he explains. "It takes a different kind of skill."

To be fair, Beechum says he wasn't quite cut out for NASCAR, either—though for a slightly different reason.

"I went and tried it out, and I thought that shit was pretty fucking easy," he says. "You're just going left."

He has nothing against traditional racing, though. He gets the appeal of going 200 mph—and getting paid handsomely to do it—but he also doesn't feel the same connection to it that most fans and racers do. He didn't grow up with NASCAR. At 15, he wasn't so much into going fast as going hard, crashing through his neighborhood in a car he wasn't technically supposed to be driving and seeing just what he was capable of behind the wheel.

More and more, Beechum says, he's meeting new fans at his races who came over from NASCAR or Formula 1 and expected to feel about drift the way he feels about straight driving. But after seeing a couple heats, he says, they became converts.

"It's like a drug," he explains. "Ask anyone who's ever drifted. I have friends who can't race anymore, and they'll be on another drifter's team just to be around the sport, just to be that close and be a part of it."

INSTAGRAM: @trenton_beechum

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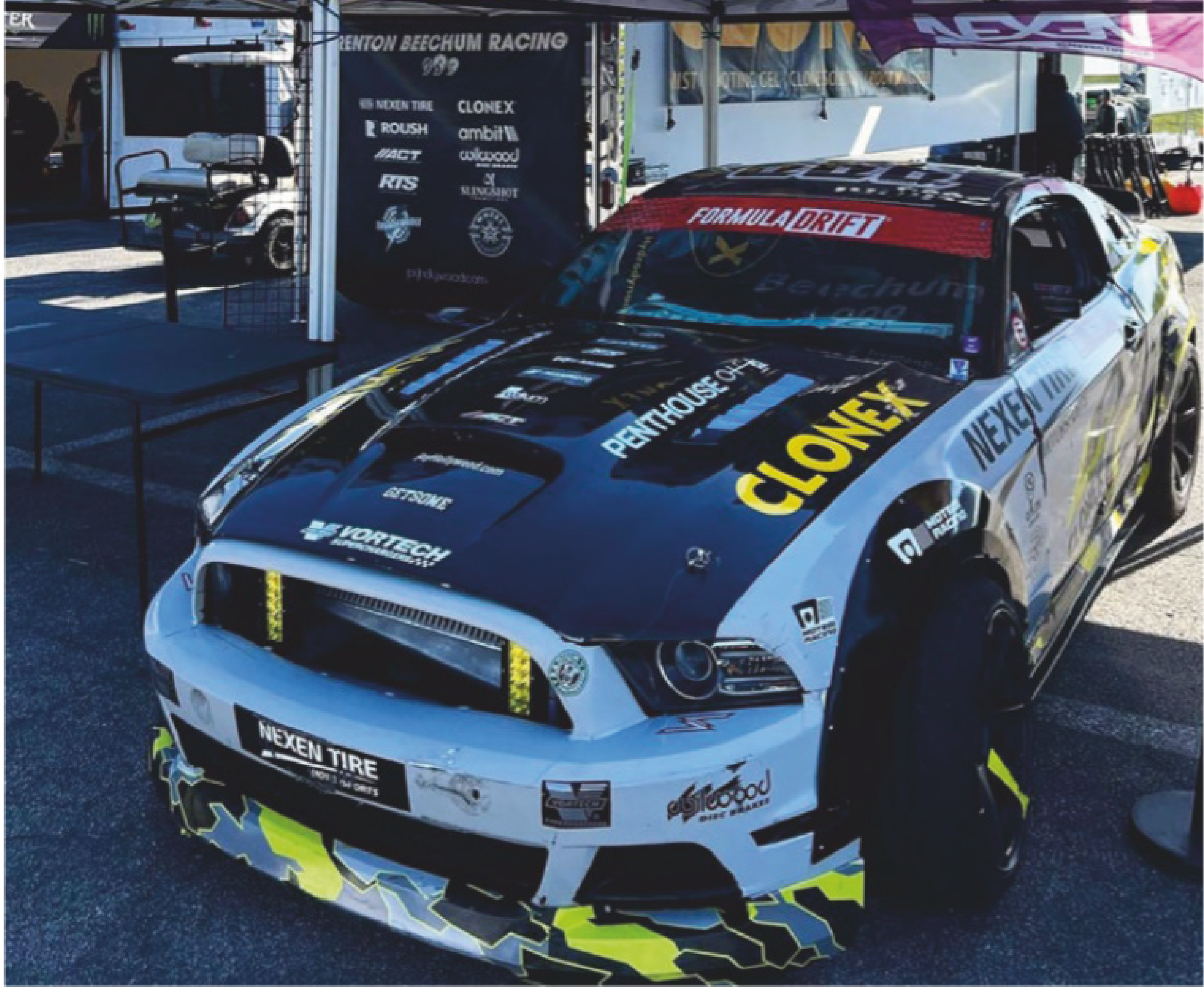
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WRAP IT UP!

ONE11 INK'S VINYL WRAPS HAVE MADE IT EASIER THAN EVER TO PIMP YOUR RIDE WITHOUT THE COMMITMENT

YOU'VE seen it. The car that changes color as it flies past you on your way to work. It's green in your rearview, then blue next to you, and purple as it speeds off to its exit. It looks like a million bucks. But it's not. Thanks to the popularity of vinyl wraps, you can get that look for a couple grand.

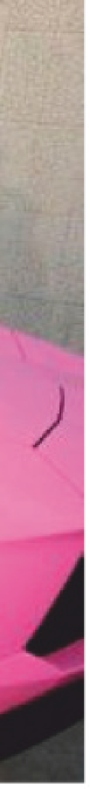
Vinyl wrapping has been around for a while. Chances are the food truck on the corner uses one to vamp up the van and sell you tacos. But thanks to advancing technology making it more affordable—and TikTok videos of wrappers going viral—vinyl is no longer reserved for branded company cars.

Chris Carmody, owner of One11 Ink in L.A., is the preeminent auto wrapper. He's worked on cars for Nicki Minaj, Paris Hilton and Chris Brown, tricked out vehicles for Super Bowl commercials and Beyoncé's music videos, and created a copper-wrapped helicopter for Absolut Vodka—and that list is barely the tip of the A-list iceberg of Carmody's clients.

"I've got one client. I change his car out probably every two months," Carmody says of one particular boldface name, whose identity he did not reveal. "He'll go from red to blue to white. It's like a brand-new car to him. And nobody knows. They're like, 'Oh, he's got a new Lambo!' But it's just a different color."

That kind of constant customization is possible because vinyl wraps go right over the car's original paint job, protect the paint while they're on, and then peel off in minutes, leaving the car looking like nothing ever happened. But they also last. Carmody says a well-done wrap, when cared for, will look fresh for about three years and still come off smoothly when it's time for a change.

And unlike painting a car, prep for a wrap



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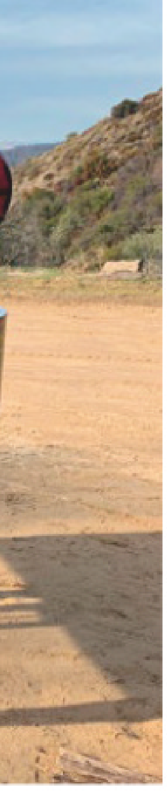

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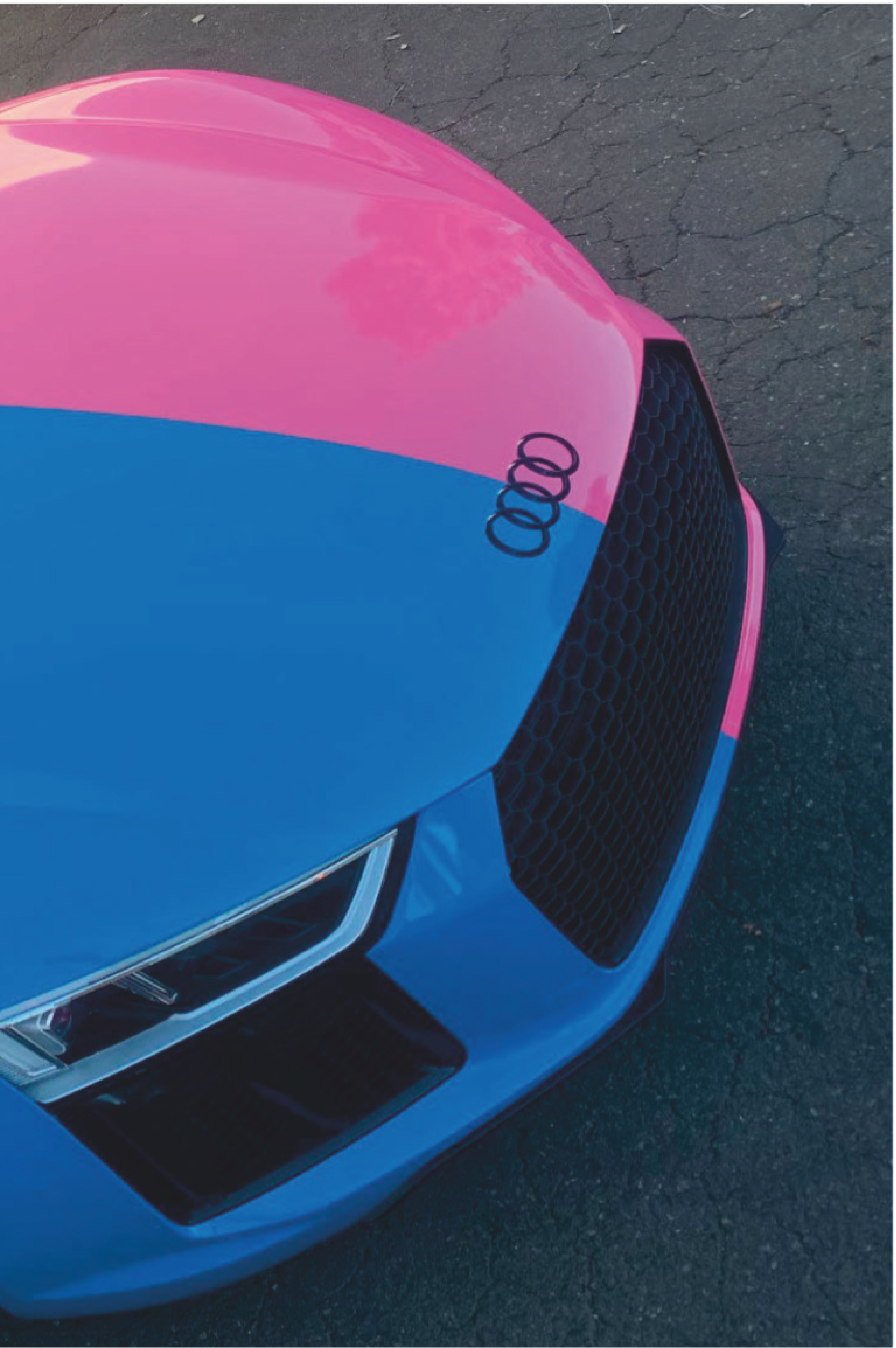

is pretty simple. Rather than having to strip the car down to the frame, a car wash takes care of the surface, and popping off the doors and bumpers lets the wrapper perfectly fit the vinyl to the car's curves.

Carmody says a proper paint job for a new SUV could cost one of his clients $40,000, while a wrap from him might only be $4,000. Wraps are also significantly less time-consuming than paint. If Carmody has the needed shades in stock, he can do a color change on a two-door coupe in a few hours—which is barely enough time, in L.A. traffic, for the client to Uber home and back.

"We could do a Tesla in two and a half hours," he explains.

But Carmody can also take months to design something far more complex for his commercial customers. A wrapped PJ (that's "private jet" to you mere mortals) or chopper takes much longer, obviously, but so do detailed designs for Teslas and other everyday vehicles. Even then, however, Carmody is pretty quick, thanks to decades of experience with cars, both behind the wheel and in the shop.

Carmody got into car wrapping as a Formula Kart and NASCAR driver in the late '90s and early aughts. When he was ready to leave racing behind, he bought the company that had been working on his vehicles for years and learned the craft before setting out to dominate the business.

And it's not only planes, trains and automobiles that Carmody wraps. He's done pianos for Justin Bieber and surfboards, skateboards, and even a gold-wrapped metal bodysuit for other clients. And every piece from Carmody looks like a work of art. He—and some of the TikTok stars who've helped wraps go viral—make it look easy. But if there's one thing Carmody insists people know, it's that wrapping isn't easy at all. So, before you buy a roll of 3M and try to DIY your way to a revamped ride, stop.

"[Don't] do it. It will not look like paint," he warns. "Wrinkled, bubbled, cut wrong, cut short, overstretched. That's what happens when you do it yourself."

Get all the wrap porn you can handle on TikTok and YouTube, and find the perfect color or customization, but hire a real pro to give you the hottest of hot rods.

WEBSITE: one11ink.com
INSTAGRAM: @one11ink

ROCK 'N' ROLL CAGES

MAKING YOUR RIDE OFF-ROAD READY SHOULDN'T REQUIRE YOU TO SACRIFICE YOUR STYLE. SMP-FABWORKS MARRIES FORM AND FUNCTION FOR EVEN THE MOST MONSTER OF TRUCKS

WHEN you drive your truck off the showroom floor, you may be ready to put the pedal to the metal, but if you want to get mud on your tires, you may need to make some after-market adjustments to your SUV. Serious rough riders will want to upgrade their bumpers, add lights, and maybe even throw in a roll cage. Hell, even urban cowboys may want to renovate to achieve a more one-of-a-kind ride. And for L.A.'s weekend warriors and devoted daredevils alike, there's no one better than Steven Parks, SMP-Fabworks' master craftsman.

"I used to stay late and use the high school facilities to build stuff for people and make money," he explains. "I'd work till two in the morning in the shop and come to school the next day and go through my classes and then work on stuff during my class and use all their equipment, which was really cool. It was a good opportunity."

Now, he's known for giving clients everything from sleek customizations that would be at home on Rodeo Drive to badass extras that would make off-roading in a zombie apocalypse a piece of cake.

"I hate to do the same thing twice," he says, noting that every build requires some out-of-the-box thinking to combine form and function in any customer's budget. "I've never been one of those guys who I consider a fake. Like, [guys who can make] it look good, but it ain't going to do what it looks like, you know? And second, I think what they like to come to me specifically for is the fit and finish and the styling."

A quality custom vehicle can cost upwards of $400,000, Parks explains—peanuts for some of his Hollywood clientele, but a bucket-list purchase for the rest of us. But most of his clients, he says, start out smaller. A bumper, a roof rack. Then they work their way up to a roll cage. And the next thing he knows, they're back for more, with a bigger budget and more creative requests.

But even those looking to keep their tires solidly on the asphalt have found Parks' work irresistible. He's rebuilt classic cars and a particularly badass '67 Ford Bronco that even the most eco-conscious urbanite would want to tool around the desert in.

For those hoping to up the ante on their own cars, Parks says the first thing to understand is the time it takes. "Most people, they don't buy a car because they want to change it," he says. "They buy a car and then want to enhance it. And that kind of work takes time because of all the little details. Those details that make it good take time."

It's important to be open to change, too, Parks notes. "I [design] as I build, and there are things you just don't know until you see it right in front of you," he says. "There are things that look good on paper but then in real life, it doesn't work."

So, if you're ready to take your dream car out of the ether and into your driveway, and keep an open mind, maybe you'll luck out and Parks will create the perfect car you never knew you always wanted. ❶

WEBSITE: smp-fabworks.com
INSTAGRAM: @smp_fab

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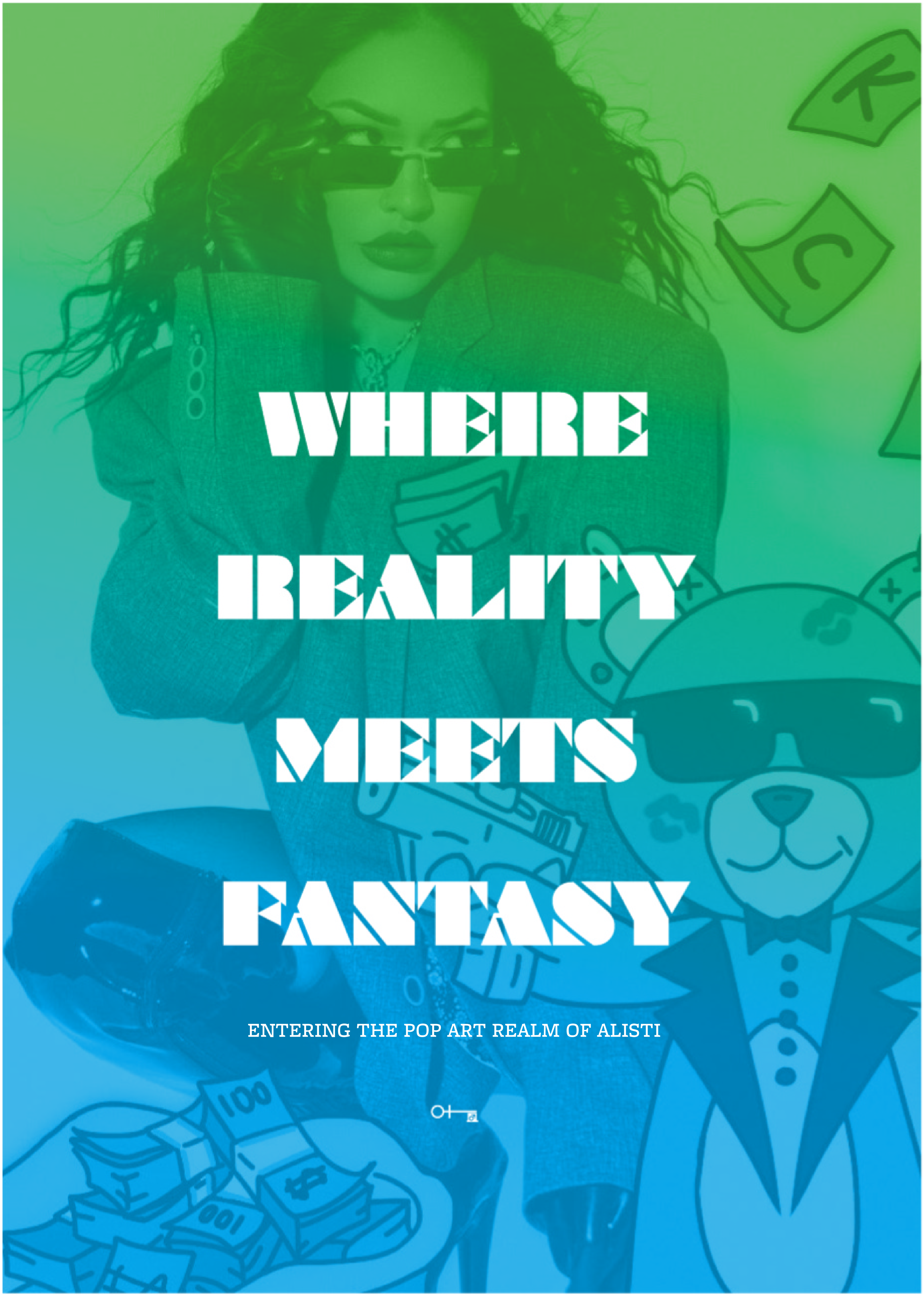
PENTHOUSE
LETTERS

penthouseletters.com



WHERE REALITY MEETS FANTASY

ENTERING THE POP ART REALM OF ALISTI

ALISTI is a Ukrainian digital illustrator based in Dallas, Texas.

Inspired by beautiful women, erotica, mother nature, graffiti and the pop art movement of the ’50s and ’60s, Alisti collaborates with models and photographers, using sourced images as blank canvases upon which to create her bright and bold, colorful creations.

How did you come to be an artist?
My journey began when I began to love myself and think about how I want to see myself.

Until a few years ago, I was painting gloomy things. This art was just a product of my inner world, and I didn’t show it to anyone. Now I am in another phase of my self-development, where I found myself creating vibrant art that really inspires me to create more and more fun and delicious art.

How did you develop your style?
In 2016, I visited the Wynwood Art District in Miami. I was so excited! That was the day I fell in love with graffiti and bright colors on the walls! I still feel the emotions of that day. I think that’s why I do pop art.

These days, I like to mix different styles. Using digital tools, it is easier to experiment. Maybe my style will change all my life. Why not? While I grow and change inside, my style continues to develop at the same time.

What is it about erotica that inspires you?
I like women’s bodies, and sensual and bold poses switch on my imagination.

When I’m inspired, I’ll try to make a sketch in that moment. This isn’t just about a drawing or creating a piece of work, it’s about capturing a vibe and a feeling.

What else inspires your art?
Myself, self-love and my own achievements. I’m also inspired by photography and crazy poses. Also, nature. I get high from sunsets! Nature is awesome. I like to notice simple things and enjoy them.

What do you love about pop art?
Colors! I fell in love with bold, bright colors. They look so tasty in art!

What’s your process for putting a piece together?
The first thing I do is sketch things how I want to see them on the future drawing. Secondly, I start to create a collage by putting them on the best place in the frame. Third, I paint it and make it look delicious. Then I add the text. When I’m finished, I look at my final drawing and ask myself: What is it? This answer then becomes the caption of my artwork.

How has your art style evolved over time?
When I feel that I want to try something new, I do it. One day, I wanted to add a caption to the background; the result was cool! Another day, I decided that I wanted to draw some stuff on a photo of a beautiful girl. I did it. I loved it, and she loved it, too! Now it’s a part of my pop art style.

Tell us about some of your art achievements or career highlights?
This interview with my drawings in your article is awesome for me! It is a great honor for me to be featured here. A year ago when I started my Instagram, I only dreamed about it, but now it’s real! It’s a great pleasure.

Has your work led to any crazy or interesting experiences?
Creating art always goes hand in hand with interesting experiences. It’s one of many reasons why I love it. In some ways, being an artist and creating art is like getting high without any drugs. No matter what I create, I always immerse myself in it and free the fantasy.

What are you working on at the moment, and what do you have coming up?
I’m working on some very exciting things at the moment, including NFTs that I want to implement in my future collections. It’s going to be a very bold and sexy collection, seasoned with my signature psycho spicy flavor. Yummy things are coming soon, guys!

WEBSITE: **alisti.art**
INSTAGRAM: **@alistiart**
TWITTER: **@alistiart**

> “THESE DAYS, I LIKE TO MIX DIFFERENT STYLES. USING DIGITAL TOOLS, IT IS EASIER TO EXPERIMENT.”

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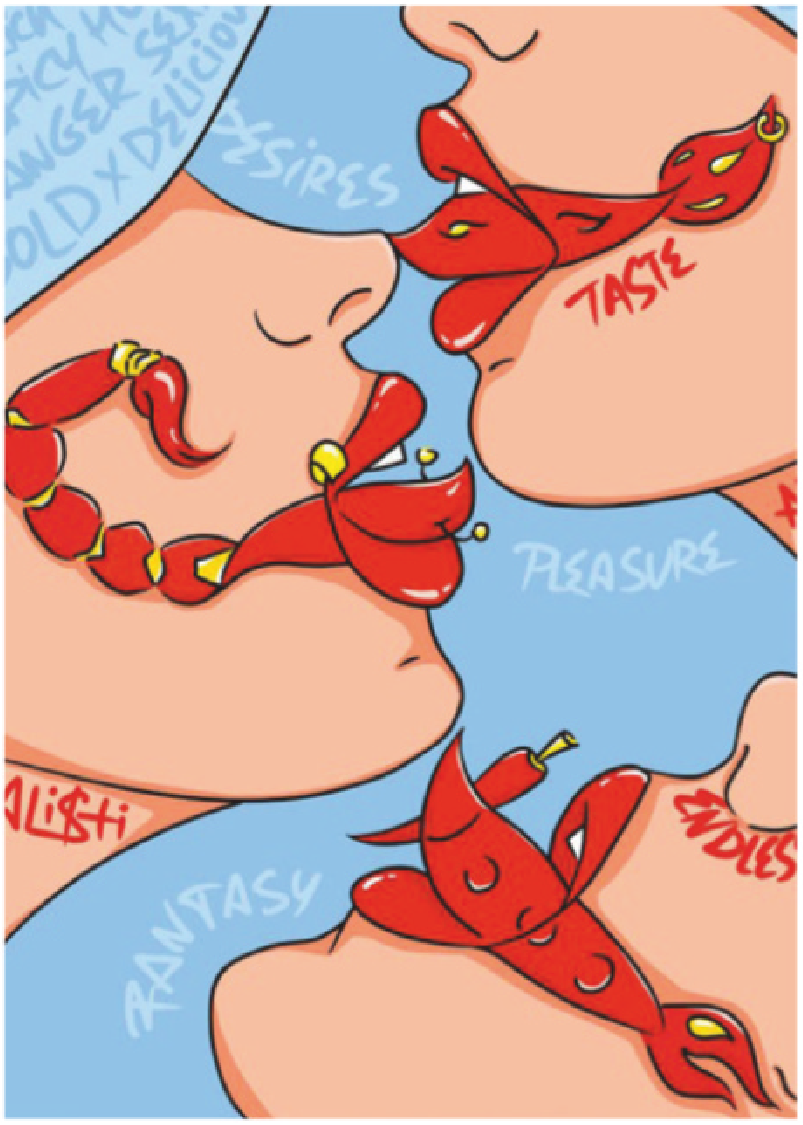
Yummy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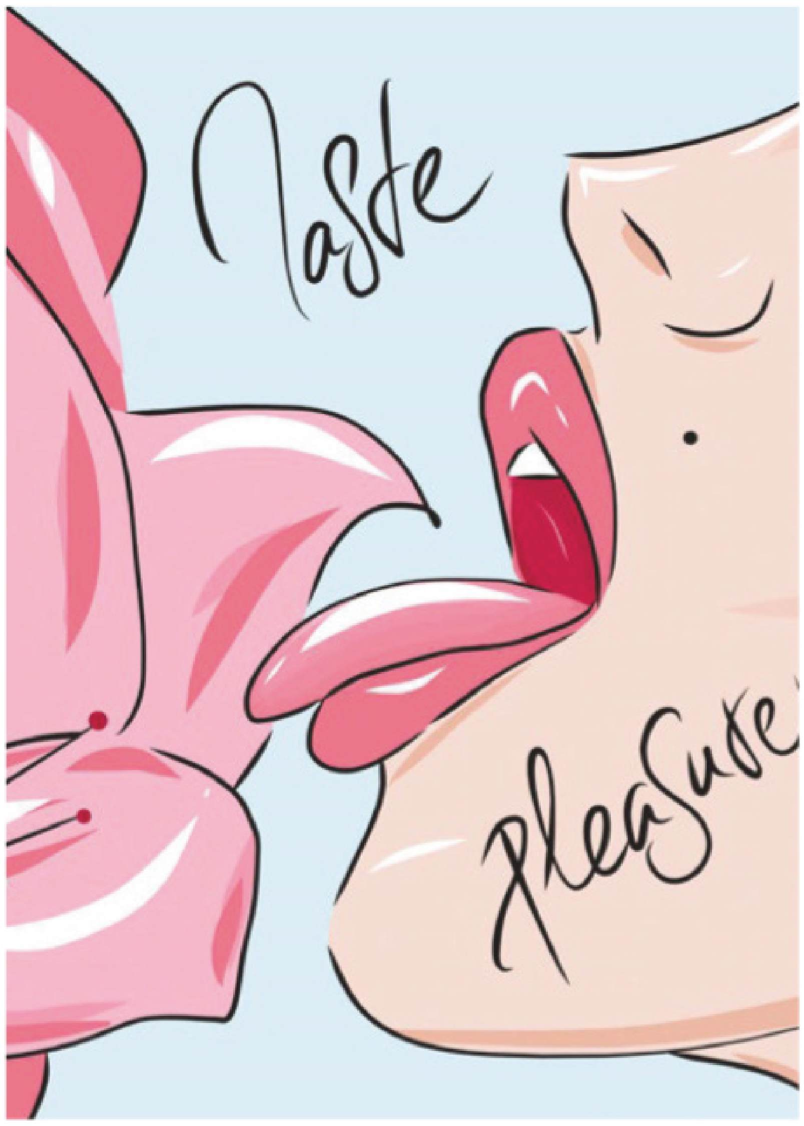
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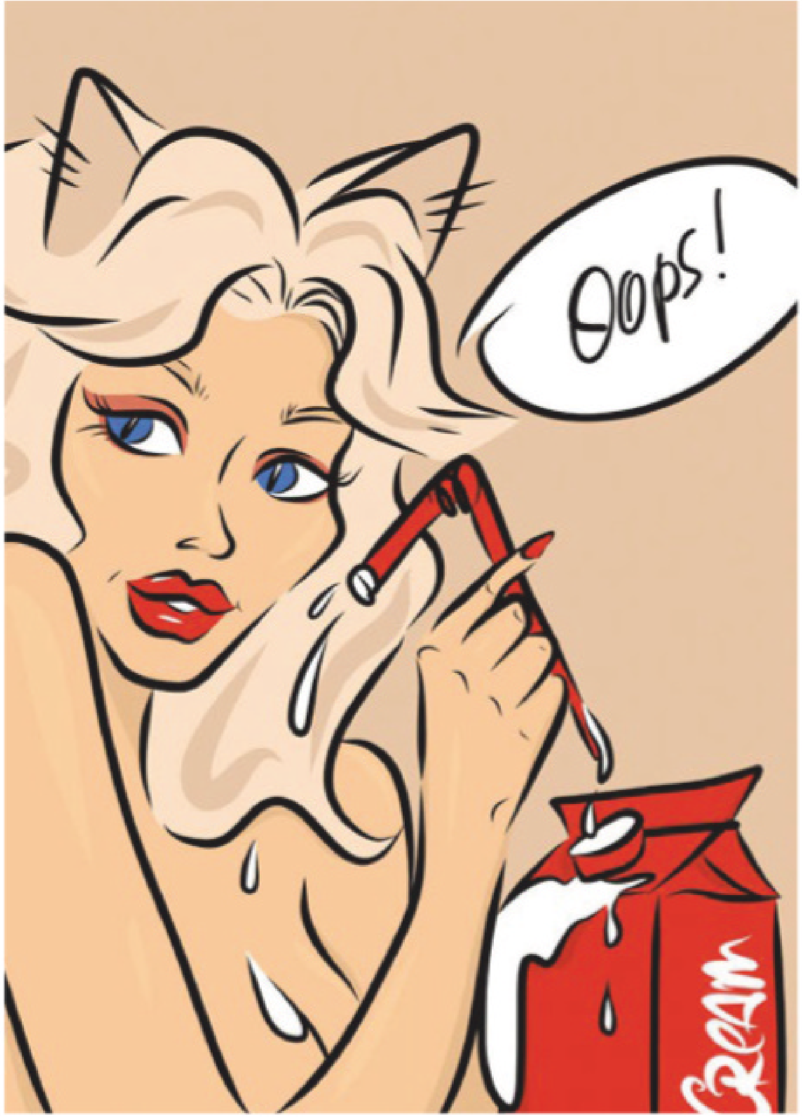
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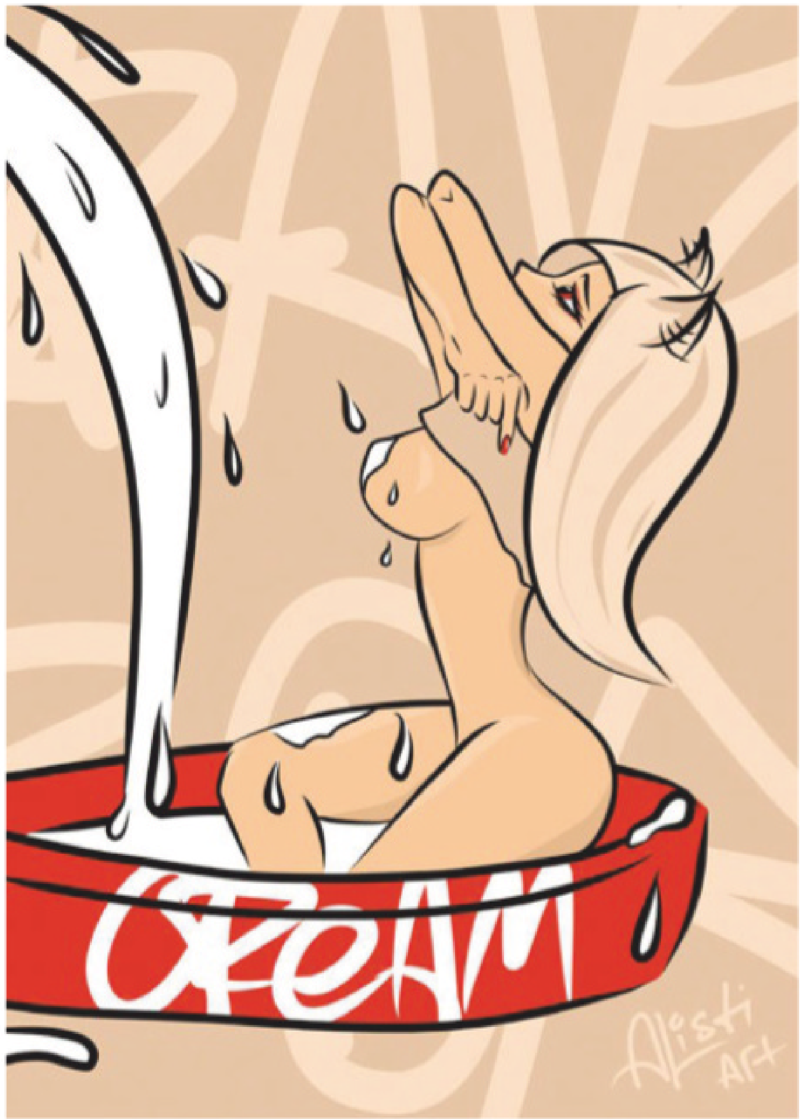
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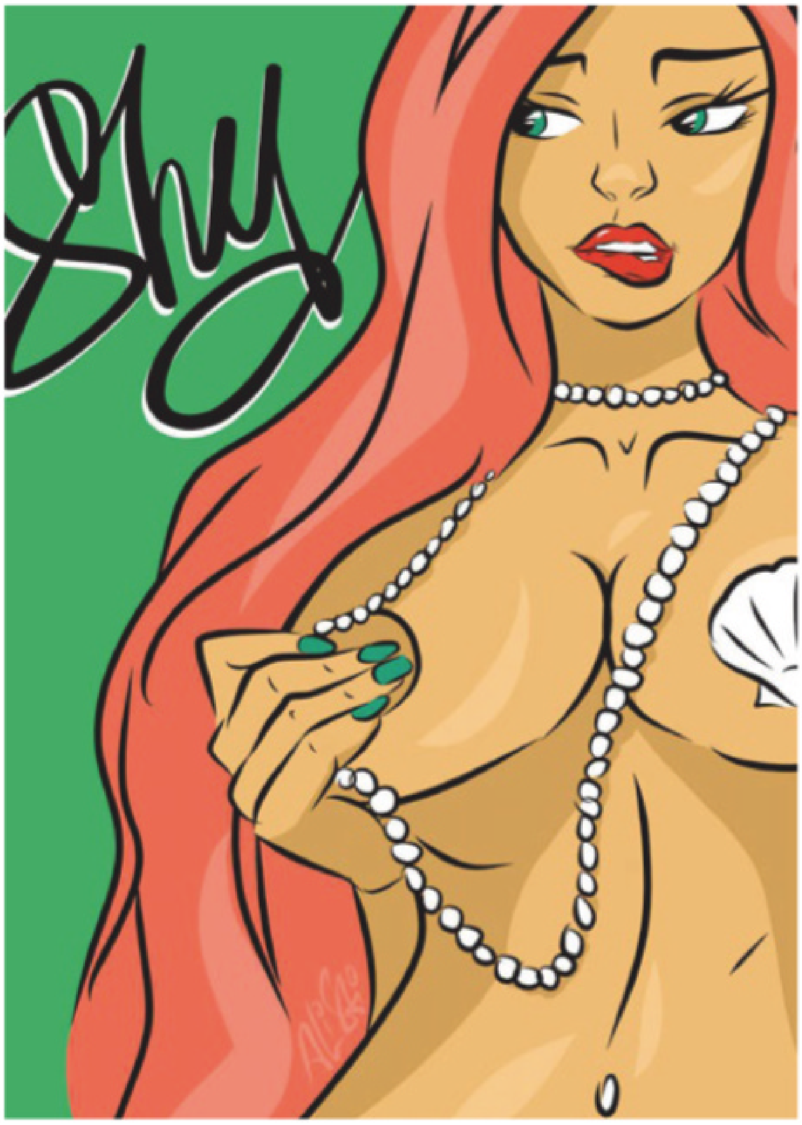
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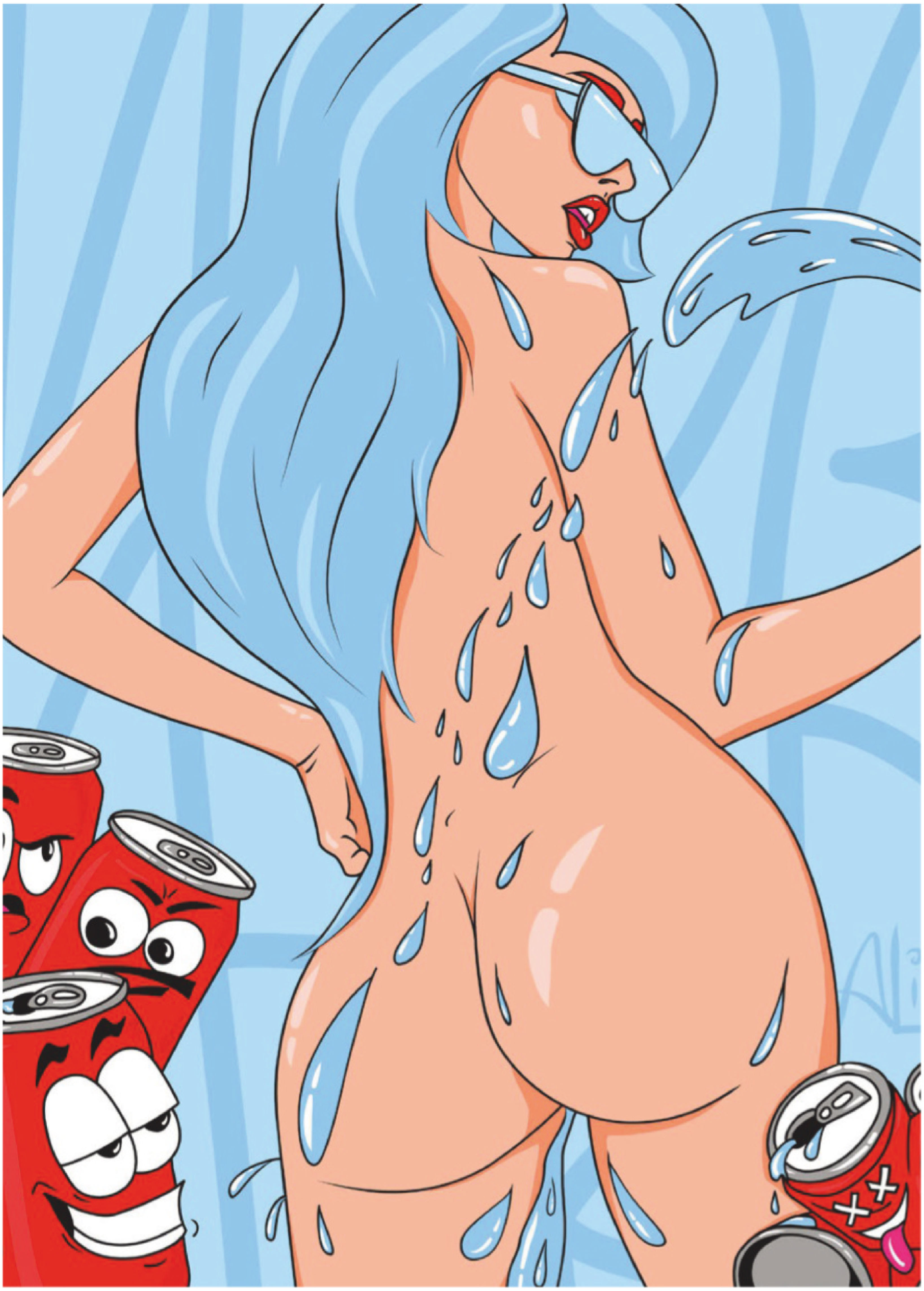
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CREDIT: PENTHOUSE GERMANY, PHOTOGRAPHER: ARTOFDAN PHOTOGRAPHY

SCRUB UP RIGHT THIS FALL

START YOUR AUTUMN SEASON WITH A THREE-STEP SKIN ROUTINE, ADD CORDUROY TO YOUR COLLECTION, AND CHECK OUT NEW RELEASES FROM SWATCH X OMEGA AND TOM FORD

TOM FORD
COSTA AZZURRA
PARFUM

MAKING SCENTS

TOM FORD COSTA AZZURRA

IF Instagram is the closest you'll get to a European vacation this year, let us engage one of your other senses to really crank up the FOMO.

Designer Tom Ford says of one of his signature fragrances, "Costa Azzurra Parfum is a deeper expression of the original scent, capturing the feel of a hedonistic Mediterranean escape. I think we all need an escape right now."

You can't blame TF for saying that. It's his business, and he is referring to a fragrance that didn't really fly in the private blend collection. The TF fragrance bottle design for Costa Azzurra also looks and feels truly luxurious, making it a dazzling addition to your home.

The elevated parfum opens up with a recognizable Costa Azzurra freshness, providing a big burst of Italian lemon and a slight ozonic, aquatic quality. This is an invigorating, warm and sea-salty wind breezing through the cypress trees moment. This sensation is accompanied by an aromatic fougere type of concoction from lavender.

Will this fragrance really transport you to hedonistic pleasures on a sun-drenched coastline? We think so.

tomford.com

CREDIT: TOM FORD

SKIN REPAIR

A SIMPLE THREE-STEP DAILY ROUTINE

WE'RE all aware our skin requires extra maintenance to protect it from the summer sun. But as we head into cooler weather, your skin requires a similar amount of attention if you want your face to look and feel like the man you aspire to be.

A change in climate can wreak all sorts of havoc on your skin, and if you're not careful you'll end up with a blotchy, haggard-looking mug. The good news is there's a simple, three-step daily routine—bolstered by quality products—that can help you avoid this least wanted appearance.

First up, there's face wash. Many guys choose standard soap in the shower to briefly wash the part of the body most people will see for the day. Instead, get your hands on a good quality face wash and give your face a full five to 10 minutes of attention with the cleanser and some lukewarm water.

After your skin is properly cleansed, apply a quality moisture cream specially formulated for the colder months to reduce dryness. Winter creams will keep you protected from sun, wind and dust that can irritate your face and cause problems further down the line.

If you are fond of shaving each morning, there are a couple of other tips you may want to consider. Invest in a top-quality razor. Disposables and low-quality razors may damage your skin and leave you feeling sore and dry. It makes very little sense to use them.

Once you have your preferred razor of choice, choose a shaving cream rich in tea tree oil. This will make your shaving experience easier and leave your skin feeling unbelievably fresh.

Don't let colder weather get in the way of your good looks. Give your face the respect it deserves.

CORD OUT

ADD CORDUROY TO YOUR COLLECTION

AS WE head into autumn, our wardrobe becomes less playful and more classic. Away go the bold, bright hues and out come darker, more understated tones such as military green and bordeaux red.

One twill weave fabric that helps hold these colder climate colors together is corduroy. Yes, waled pants may have crept their way into some of our spring collections, but corduroy lends itself to a certain time of the year.

The fabric has made quite the comeback with vintage-loving generations picking up old French-made garments from the ’70s, when it could be seen on everyone from college professors to bell-bottomed hippies. But this rediscovery has also sparked a surge in production from designers around the globe.

Although we see many variations of corduroy in the shape of shirts and jackets, pants are the real winner. They’re comfortable and look as good with a pair of boots or shoes as they do with rolled cuffs and a pair of sneakers.

And there is fun to be had with color, adding a playful nature to a classic look. You can always be a bit more daring with your choice of corduroy pants, which is great if you have a more flamboyant personality.

Age doesn’t seem to be a factor either. There are as many teens and 20-somethings wearing the fabric these days as dads and grandads, so it is truly versatile in that sense.

If you don’t already have a piece of classic corduroy in your collection, now is very much the time to snap up some stylish pieces.

Ashton Cord Pants

CREDIT: GHANDA.COM

MOONSWATCH COLLECTION

SWATCH X OMEGA

swatch
OMEGA
OMEGA x swatch
Speedmaster
MOONSWATCH
TACHYMÈTRE

SWATCH and Omega—two watchmakers from opposite ends of the price spectrum—might not have been a collaboration many would have predicted, but the results are causing such a stir that production is failing to keep up with demand.

The two companies have put their creative minds together and come up with an idea that is quite literally out of this world.

The inspiration is the solar system in which we live, from the big, bright sun to the planets that orbit her. The result is 11 unique timetellers that cater to just about all tastes—with elements from Omega's Speedmaster Moonwatch married with Swatch's renowned Bioceramic material.

Although each design has its own charm, a couple stand out from the rest. Mission to the Moon follows the exact design and dimensions of the Speedmaster with a quartz movement and Bioceramic case. It's water-resistant up to three bars and comes with a simple Velcro strap for added comfort. And at just $260, it's an incredible value for the money.

Another remarkable timepiece is the Mission to Mercury, with its deep gray color, metallic gray strap, and glow-in-the-dark hour markers for those who are up for adventure well after the sun falls.

These high-quality, striking products from Swatch x Omega are flying off the shelves, so grab one of these otherworldly pieces before it's too late!

swatch.com

CREDIT: SWATCH.COM

SHE’S GOT GAME

HOW RETIRED ADULT FILM STAR **LISA ANN** TACKLED FANTASY FOOTBALL—AND KEEPS FIELDING LIFE’S GOALS

BY BARBARA PIZIO

SEXY and savvy Lisa Ann is indisputably the reigning queen of fantasy football, but it’s a crown the lifelong sports fan has earned through nearly a decade of dedication and hard work. As pro athletes gear up for the gridiron and fantasy players eye their every move, *Penthouse* talked to expert analyst Lisa Ann about her journey from being one of the biggest names in adult entertainment to her rise to the top of the fantasy football heap—and how her latest career is her most fulfilling yet.

Lisa Ann has proven herself to be the mistress of reinvention. Her first stint as an on-camera talent in the adult industry ended in 1997. But nine years later, she came out of retirement to portray Republican vice presidential nominee Sarah Palin in a string of blockbuster porn parodies, which also sparked a MILF movie revolution.

By 2013, she switched gears to co-host the radio show *Stripper Town*, where fans would hoodwink call screeners to get on-air and steer the discussion from clubs to *Monday Night Football* to update her on the games. Her enthusiasm for the sport led to a SiriusXM opportunity—co-hosting a show about fantasy football.

For anyone unfamiliar with the wildly popular pastime, participants create hypothetical rosters from real athletes in the National Football League (NFL) and compete against the dream teams of others within a league to score points based on the performances of their players in real-life NFL games. While some fantasy participants scrimmage for cash prizes, others simply compete for bragging rights with their best buddies.

In the two months before Lisa Ann’s first sports broadcast, the longtime Dallas Cowboys fan gave herself a crash course in fantasy football, reading every book on the subject she could get her hands on and working up countless mock football drafts.

She recalls, “When I got my first one-year [fantasy football radio] contract, my best friend said to me, ‘You can either be a flash in the pan, or you can be so good at this they can’t fire you.’”

Her winning performance kicked off a seven-year stint at Sirius, where she helmed the hugely popular *Lisa Ann Does Fantasy*. She also competed in the Howard Stern Show’s Emotional Friends league, alongside then-ESPN personality Matthew Berry and *War at Home* actor Michael Rapaport. But she’s since branched out on her own, leaving Sirius during the pandemic to produce her own content on her social channels—including @thereallisaann on Instagram, where she breaks down the NFL’s divisions and gets into football’s nitty-gritty details with her 4.3 million followers.

“I realized what a great tool social media and YouTube was,” she says. “I thought what if I did Sunday morning start/sits on my YouTube channel and just engaged in a live setting, helping people set their lineups and using my Instagram to do IG Live.”

Since 2015, she’s also engaged in what she’s dubbed Fantasy Football Fridays, where she connects with multiple radio shows from coast to coast—such as Saint Louis’ The Morning After STL (insideSTL.com) and Tampa’s Beckles & Recher on WDAE (953wdae.iheart.com/featured/beckles-recher)—to talk strategy with callers and take deep dives into local teams every week during the season.

When it comes to her own selections, Lisa Ann—who participates in up to 25 leagues annually—says her drafts are all about diversity, which helps her stay up to speed on the NFL’s many players and allows her to offer the most well-rounded advice as she interacts with her audience.

However, her work is more than just a job. She explains, “When I fell into fantasy football, which I call the game inside the game, I realized it was a passion for me.”

She says the sense of community fantasy football engenders and how it strengthens the bonds between friends old and new are some of its greatest joys. But she still works hard to keep her head in the game, devouring ever-evolving news from well before the start of training camp to the last second of the season.

“Starting in July, I up my fantasy football news to between two and four hours a day,” she shares. “By August, I make it five to seven hours a day. And then for the rest of the season, I listen to sports news from eight to 10 hours a day.”

She confides her passion for football fuels her soul and says it adds another facet to her conversations with fans from her porn past, allowing her to interact with them on a new level. But Lisa Ann’s one-woman media empire covers more than just fantasy sports. She keeps her finger on the pulse of popular culture with engaging interviews on her YouTube channel *The Real Lisa Ann* and

“WHEN I FELL INTO FANTASY FOOTBALL, WHICH I CALL THE GAME INSIDE THE GAME, I REALIZED IT WAS A PASSION FOR ME.”

podcast *The Lisa Ann Experience* and discusses dating conundrums and more with special guests—including many of today’s most popular porn stars—on her YouTube channel and podcast *Dudes Do Better*.

She’s also the author of two memoirs, *The Life*—which covers her journey in the adult industry—and the recently released *The Life Back*, which discusses her evolution through fantasy sports and how it put her on a new path.

Lisa Ann admits for the next few months, “Football will run my life—and I will love it!”

But she reveals she’s also eager to grow her podcasts because “I love finding interesting conversations to be shared and meeting people.”

Though Lisa Ann no longer shoots scenes for the adult market, she maintains a connection with the industry by going to trade shows to greet fans and mentoring young stars. She also recently shot a groundbreaking sexual wellness campaign for condom brand Durex in Turkey with fellow porn legend Rocco Siffredi. But her leap from X-rated fare to mainstream fame marks one of the most successful career transitions of any adult entertainer.

Lisa Ann managed to avoid the pitfalls which have plagued so many of porn’s most dynamic performers and credits friends with keeping her grounded. The straight-shooting stunner also acknowledges she never allowed her adult career to become her whole identity.

“One of the reasons I was so happy to start *Dudes Do Better* and to talk to performers who are newer in the industry today is to kind of be a pace car for them,” she shares.

“I think they look at me, and they’re like, ‘This is pretty cool. I think her life is OK. She did all of this, too. Let me get to know her. Let me figure out what she did to have this future afterwards.’

“If I could do that for even just one person that would be the greatest part of my legacy ... [To help them understand] if you do things right, your opportunities will be unlimited.”

WEBSITE: **thereallisaann.com**
SOCIALS: **thereallisaann.social**

Wilson
NFL
OFFICIAL

BABY GOT BAROQUE

PHOTOGRAPHER
JASON STOKES

THE lush photography of Jason Stokes reminds us of the moody opulence of Renaissance-era paintings—but with a spicy, contemporary twist.

The Oakland-based photographer tells *Penthouse* his previous job as a graphic and brand designer ultimately helped him fine-tune his artistic sensibility to focus on the details which make his fine art nude photography so unique and put him on a path to a new career.

"In the job, I'd often need to subcontract photographers and videographers for assets to be used in design projects," he recalls.

"I tend to have a complete vision for end products that is hard to communicate to others.

"I am also a curious person and an obsessive learner, who has an addiction to trying everything creative at least once.

"So I took on producing a few of my own photo and video assets and realized how much I enjoyed it."

Jason says he also felt photography offered him more creative freedom than visual design. He adds, "I slowly, subconsciously started drifting into that field."

Influenced by a more cinematography-based approach to lighting than traditional portraiture lighting, Jason says his graphic design background has been key when it comes to appreciating and understanding color harmony.

"Even when it is a spontaneous shoot, I am still scanning the area and tweaking as I go, looking for great color palette opportunities," he explains.

"My obsessive need to control the palette of a scene starts way before I snap the first shot."

Jason elaborates, "I love depth, layers and tiny little nuances that you may never notice. But you feel the overall sum of those little decisions, and I love a touch of psychedelia in the vibe of every look."

This accomplished artist says he is drawn to shooting nude portraits and erotic scenes because they are the perfect combination of everything he enjoys.

"I love the human form, and I get to portray people as beautiful, sensual and hero-like, especially women," he reveals.

"I also get to help break the trends of typical and very limited beauty standards."

When it comes to scouting models, Jason says he doesn't like to limit his options, choosing to work with women from all walks of life. Especially if they're rule-breakers.

"I love variety in the physical attributes of the models I work with, especially unique physical traits. I never, ever want my work to look homogenous, either in body type or ethnic/cultural background.

"What I do like in the models I work with are confidence and the ability to transform a scene with their expression alone.

"I love models who try to break the rules and like to try new things as much as I do."

When asked what he considers his most memorable shoot, Jason reveals it involved a nude model, a drone and a plan gone awry.

"I could barely see my screen because I forgot to bring something to put over my head to block the glare, so I just had to semi guess what the composition looked like," he says.

"It almost felt like shooting film and not quite knowing what you were going to get back from the lab.

"It made me want to put myself in more situations that put me at a disadvantage and have to see what we can make happen. It's like a game for photography nerds."

INSTAGRAM: **@jasonandthegiantpeach**
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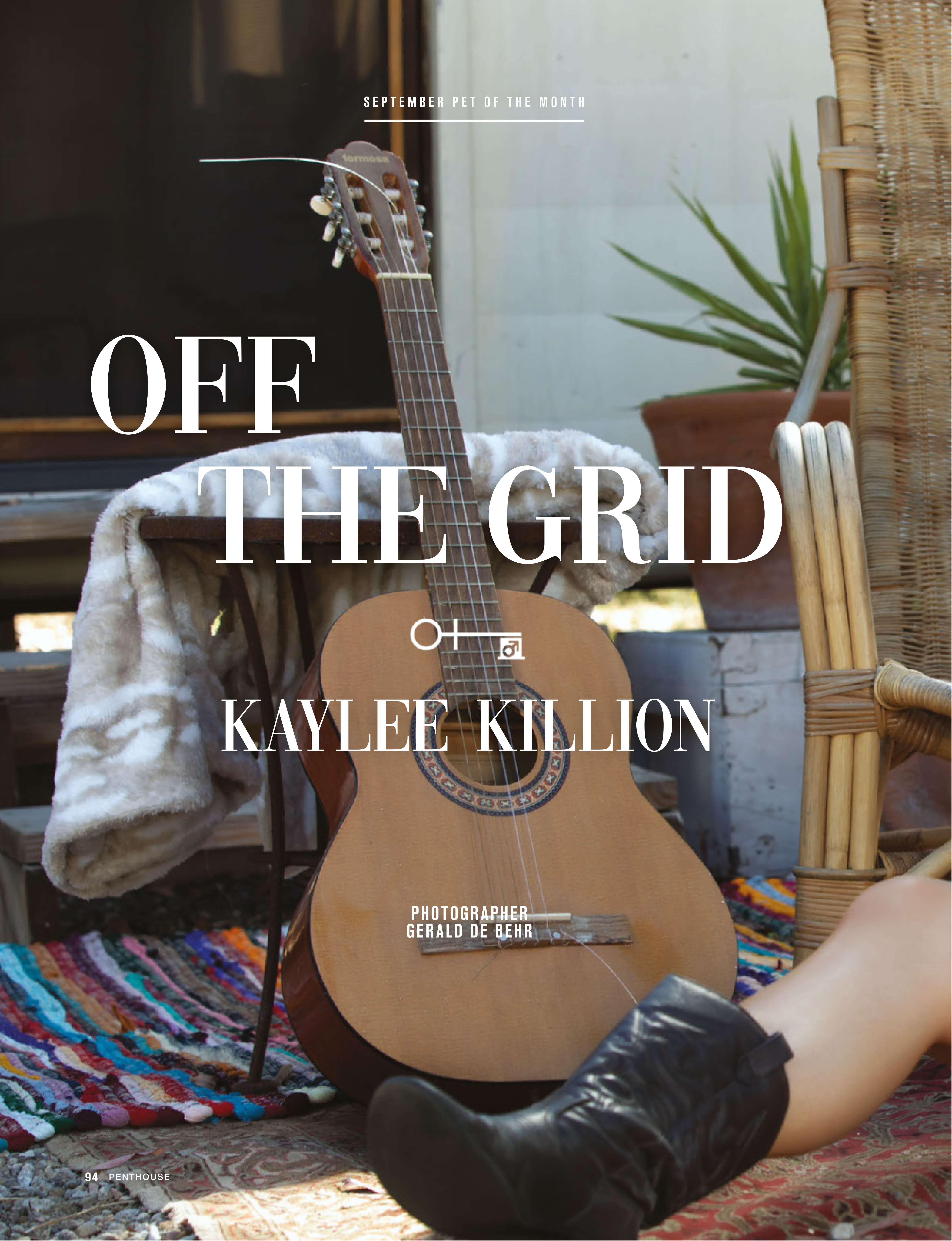
DANGER
HIGH VOLTAGE

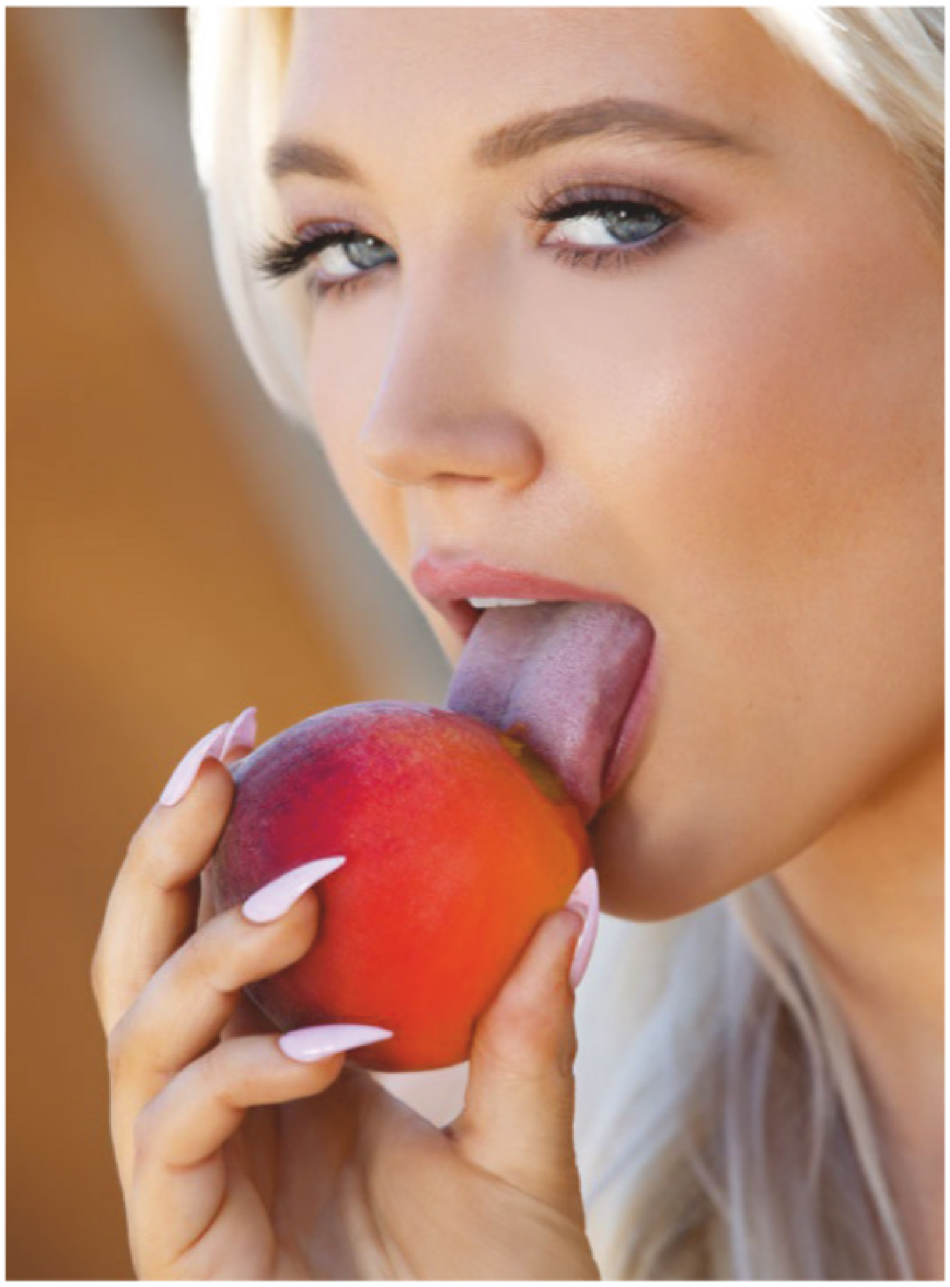


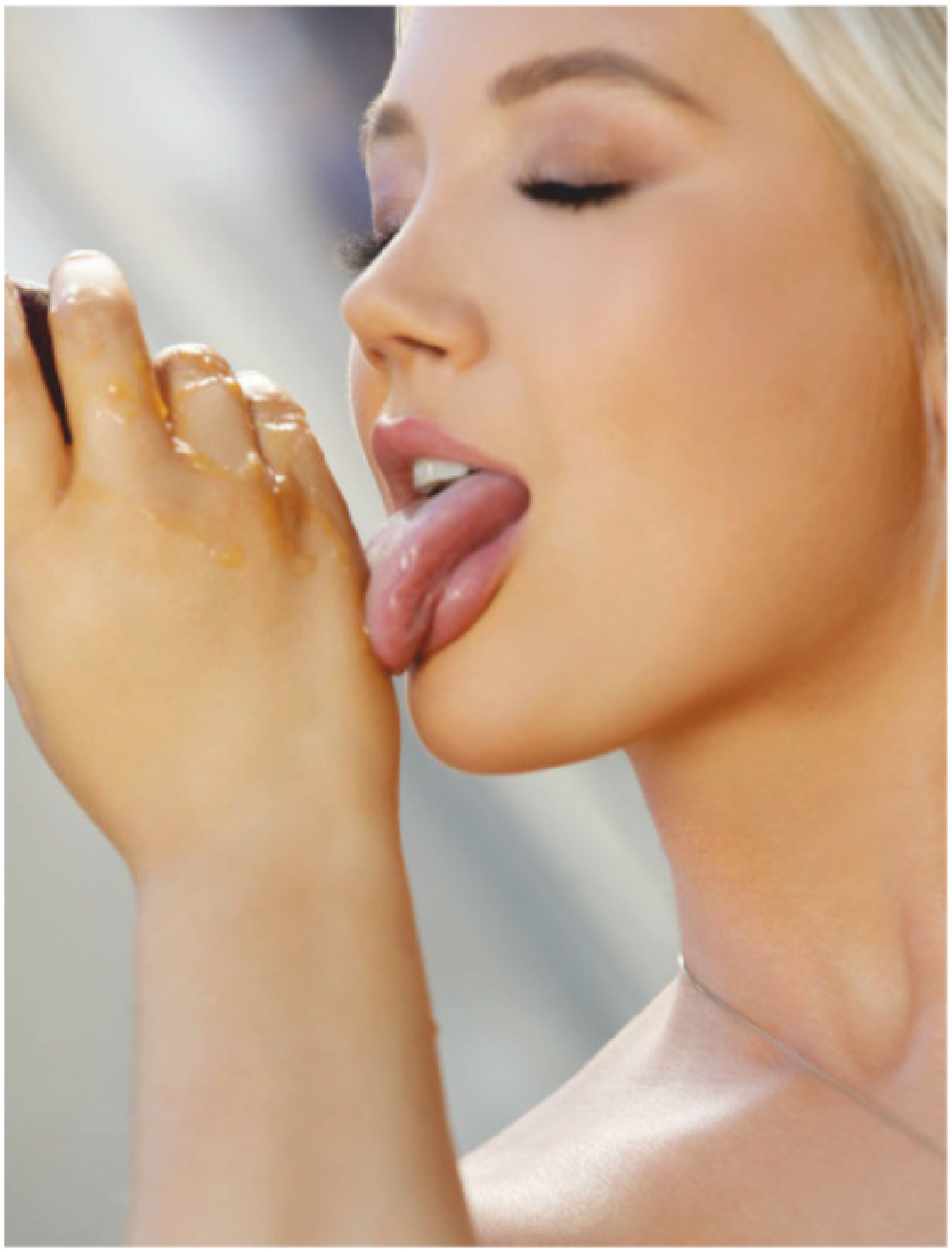
SEPTEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

OFF THE GRID

KAYLEE KILLION

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR





PENTHOUSE 99

KAYLEE KILLION

GORGEOUS Georgia peach Kaylee Killion—our stunning September Pet—now calls L.A. home. But she left its hustle and bustle behind to pose for *Penthouse*'s cameras in the great outdoors—and we must admit getting away from it all has never looked so good!

The beautiful blonde travel buff enjoys city life as much as she adores nature. The former ballet dancer is flexible that way—and doesn't shy away from letting her daring spirit lead her to exciting new experiences.

Carefree Kaylee tells *Penthouse* her ideal guy would have a great sense of humor and share her outgoing nature. Though she's sure to have many men vying for her attention, they'll have their work cut out for them if they hope to match this adorable dynamo's appetite for adventure!

What made you decide to pose for our magazine?
I love how *Penthouse* celebrates women's beauty, sensuality and strength. I'm honored to join the *Penthouse* family and be part of its long tradition.

How do you prepare for a photo shoot like this?
I'm very comfortable being nude, so it just comes naturally to me!

Describe your ideal date.
A candlelit dinner on the beach—with great wine, food and company.

How do you spend your spare time?
I love listening to music and watching movies. I'm a huge film junkie. Marvel movies and the *Harry Potter* films are my favorites. I also like the *Lord of the Rings*.

If you could do anything for a day, what would it be?
I adore traveling, and my ideal vacation spot would be somewhere tropical. So I'd relax on a beautiful beach and listen to music. That sounds like heaven!

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Kaylee
Killion

THE SMOG OF WAR

AILING AMERICAN HEROES SICKENED BY TOXIC EXPOSURE WHILE SERVING THEIR COUNTRY WILL FINALLY GET THE BENEFITS THEY—AND THEIR FAMILIES—DESERVE WITH THE PASSAGE OF THE PACT ACT. **BY JENNIFER PETERS**

THE dangers of war aren't limited to bullets and bombs, and coming home in one piece doesn't always mean returning unharmed. Toxic exposure—whether from nuclear tests during World War II, Agent Orange during the Vietnam War or burn pits during the Gulf War and the War on Terror in Iraq and Afghanistan—can be equally deadly, though the injuries caused may not be visible—until it's too late.

"Toxic wounds aren't treated as wounds," said comedian and activist Jon Stewart at a veterans' rally. "It's not treated like an IED that goes off in your body seven or eight years later, which is what it is."

Stewart, who previously helmed Comedy Central's *The Daily Show* and now hosts *The Problem with Jon Stewart* on Apple TV+, got involved in veterans advocacy after speaking with Rosie Torres, who co-founded Burn Pits 360 with her husband, Le Roy, a former U.S. Army captain. Since 2010, the nonprofit organization has sought to assist service members harmed by toxic smoke from burn pits—essentially warzone garbage dumps.

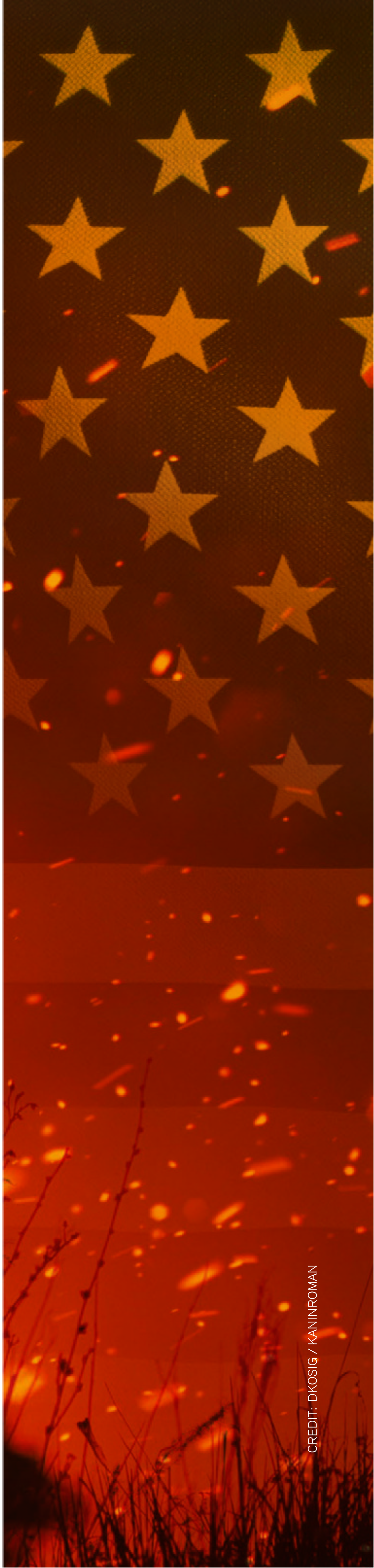
Stewart, a longtime supporter of World Trade Center 9/11 first responders, saw the similarities between Ground Zero exposures and the warzone exposures making veterans sick. He's since spent the past three years working closely with veterans service organizations to get a bill passed to support affected heroes and their families.

"People are losing their jobs. People are dying," Rosie said. "Widows, survivors, they're begging for help. For us, the focus has always been to help these poor fighters and their families."

Encouraged by the grassroots efforts of Vietnam veterans who sought care after exposure to Agent Orange—a powerful herbicide used by the U.S. military in Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos from 1961 to 1971—Rosie asked veterans to tell their stories and asked families to share photos and videos of their dying loved ones to reveal the ravaging effects of burn pits. Now, after nearly 13 years, everyone's efforts have paid off.

The Honoring Our PACT Act of 2022 received bipartisan support in the House of Representatives and the Senate, with more than 40 veterans service organizations working to promote the legislation. Even President Joe Biden showed his support for the bill before its passage. In 2015, Biden's son Beau died at 46 from brain cancer, which was believed to be from his exposure to toxic smoke from burn pits when he served in Iraq.

America's youngest veterans—including those from Beau's generation—have spent more



CREDIT: DKOSIG / KANINROMAN

"SINCE ILLNESSES LINKED TO TOXIC EXPOSURE CAN TAKE YEARS TO SHOW, VETERANS ARE OFTEN UNABLE TO PROVE A SERVICE CONNECTION, WHICH HAD LEFT MANY WITHOUT ACCESS TO SUPPORT SERVICES AND APPROPRIATE HEALTH CARE."

than a decade fighting for recognition of the ailments they've faced due to warzone burn pits. Sometimes as large as football fields, burn pits were filled with everything from classified documents, surplus weapons and ammo to medical waste, amputated limbs and human feces. The pits were soaked in jet fuel and kept burning 24/7 next to almost every military base or outpost in a combat zone.

The reasoning was simple: There is no trash pickup during war, and classified documents and discarded weapons can't be allowed to fall into the wrong hands. But there's a reason burning household trash is illegal in most of the U.S. Incinerating even the most basic garbage produces harmful smoke and dioxins, or toxic gases, and can cause long-term health problems, including asthma, chronic sinus infections and complex cancers. Illnesses caused by toxic exposure kill people—slowly and painfully.

"We understand we're expendable. That's part of being in the military," said Shane Liermann, Deputy National Legislative Director for Disabled American Veterans (DAV) and a Marine Corps veteran. "But for a veteran to slowly die 50 years after they leave service ... that's not what we signed up for."

Since illnesses linked to toxic exposure can take years to show, veterans are often unable to prove a service connection, which had left many without access to support services and appropriate health care. Many have been left bankrupt or suicidal.

"This country can't be this broken," Stewart said at a Memorial Day rally in support of burn pit legislation in Washington, D.C. "If we can't do the simplest shit [to support veterans], we have nothing. This may be the lowest hanging fruit of the American legislative agenda. Those that took up arms in defense of this country and its constitution suffered grievous harm in that defense, and when they came home, we put them on trial. 'You got cancer? Prove it was us.'"

"Proving it" was what got Rosie and Le Roy to start Burn Pits 360. Le Roy, a member of the Army Reserve, deployed to Iraq in 2007 and returned home with a slew of symptoms doctors couldn't explain. He had headaches, trouble breathing and digestive issues. His first military doctor blamed it on the "Iraqi crud." It was nothing to worry about, Le Roy was told. But he and Rosie knew it was more than that.

Years later, Rosie saw Stewart and his colleague John Feal on television. Feal, who had worked at Ground Zero doing demolition after 9/11, had partnered with Stewart to lobby for health care for first responders and other workers who had been sickened after laboring at the World Trade Center site. Rosie reached out to Feal to ask for his support, and he soon looped in Stewart.

"I still remember the day Jon Stewart FaceTimed me on Rosie's phone [in 2019]," Le Roy recalled. "He said, 'You're not alone ... I'm going to fight for you.'"

Burn pits have long been called this generation's Agent Orange, and advocates have learned a lot from the veterans who had to battle for their benefits after Agent Orange exposure.

"The illnesses and the fight against Agent Orange has become a known entity," said Pat Murray, National Legislative Service Director for Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW). "If you say Agent Orange to someone, they say, 'Isn't that the poison we sprayed on troops in Vietnam?' We're not there yet [with burn pits], but we're getting there with help from people like Jon Stewart."

Now, nearly 15 years since Le Roy went to Iraq—and more than a decade after his first lung biopsy—the country saw the passage of landmark legislation which will impact generations of veterans.

"Our intent was not to start an organization," Le Roy noted. "We just wanted to help my fellow brothers and sisters so they wouldn't have to go through the heck we went through."

The Honoring Our PACT Act will create a committee to review and expedite presumptive illnesses related to toxic exposure and expand health care access for veterans with those ailments. Veterans from as far back as World War II will benefit from the comprehensive legislation, and future generations will have an easier time getting recognized from as-yet-unknown exposures.

Veterans who think they may have been exposed to toxic fumes from burn pits can sign the VA's registry at publichealth.va.gov/exposures/burnpits/registry.asp. Veterans and their families can learn more about the PACT Act at VA.gov/PACT or by calling 1-800-MyVA411. Burn Pits 360 can be found at BurnPits360.org.

CREDIT: BURNPITS360.ORG

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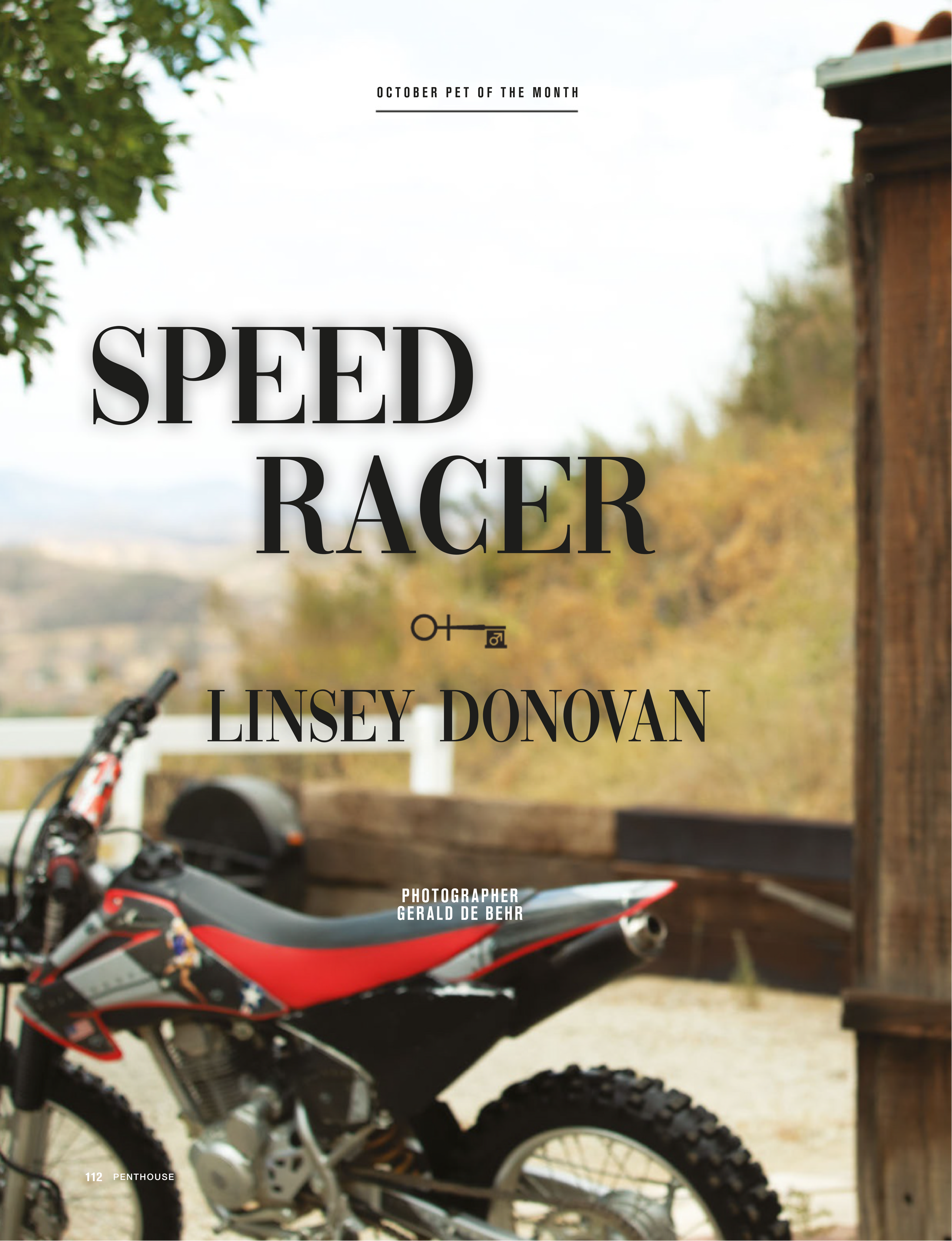

OCTOBER PET OF THE MONTH

SPEED RACER

LINSEY DONOVAN

**PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR**

LINSEY DONOVAN

GLAMOROUS Linsey Donovan is a living doll, but there's more to our October Pet than meets the eye. The Maryland native launched a successful career on social media and wasted no time making her mark in Florida, where she's acquired an impressive real estate portfolio. The savvy entrepreneur gives a glimpse into her world on Truly TV's *Bling Life* but shares even more of herself online.

Down-to-earth Linsey has a soft spot for animals. This adventuresome spirit also tells *Penthouse* she enjoys sunbathing naked by her pool and admits motorcycles and fast cars can set her heart racing!

An accomplished model, Linsey also sings and plays the piano and aspires to appear on the silver screen, and we have no doubt this rising star will accomplish every goal on her list!

If you could live anywhere, where would you choose?
When I finally fall in love, I will be happy wherever my partner is.

What's the sexiest quality a person can possess?
Confidence. A guy who knows what he wants and isn't afraid to go after it can be very sexy.

Describe your personality.
I'm really bubbly and full of positive energy. I'm always looking at life through rose-colored glasses.

Who is your hero?
Don't laugh. It's Hannah Montana. I'd love to sing a duet with Miley Cyrus one day!

What motivates you to work hard?
My fans! I love interacting with them.

What's the most daring thing you've ever done?
I've gone topless on Miami Beach! ●

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VOLLEYBALL

Linsey Donovan

EROTIC FICTION

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FORUM'S FINEST

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERYTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

TIME-SHARE

KEITH wanting to share me with another man was never something I expected. He'd never even brought up the concept—until we went away to the Caribbean for a two-week getaway.

During our first night out on the island, a waiter brought us delicious tropical drinks. I was already excited to be on vacation, but when Keith casually stroked my arm, he created tingling sensations within me that made me shiver.

The evening was warm and breezy, and the sun was just beginning to set.

"You think he's handsome?" Keith suddenly asked.

"What? Who?" I replied.

Keith was looking very relaxed in the purplish light of dusk. The first few buttons of his white shirt were opened, and I saw his skin was already sun-kissed from being outside that afternoon.

"The waiter, silly," he said to me.

"Oh, him? Yeah, I guess?"

My response sounded like a question because I was slightly confused and wondering where his comments were leading. But our waiter was indeed a very handsome man. Tall and lanky, but with lean muscles and a bright smile. His dark hair was tousled by the sea breeze. His all black outfit seemed to highlight his slender, rock-star physique. Back when I was a single girl, I'd have been drooling over him without any prompting.

Keith tangled his fingers through mine and said, "I thought since we're on vacation we might spice things up."

I'd initially assumed he was angling for sex on the balcony or maybe getting busy on a deserted spot of beach. I was more than a little surprised when he said, "I thought maybe you'd like to try some hot new men."

My mouth popped open in surprise. But I realized he wasn't joking, and my pussy became instantly wet.

"Are you really serious?"

"I am. Very serious," he said, with his eyes reflecting his fiery passion.

As I took a healthy sip of my cocktail, my eyes fell on our handsome waiter again, and I said, "So, him."

"Him, or whoever else you prefer."

"Wait, you'd said 'men.' As in plural. More than one?"

Keith shrugged and smiled. His playful expression was one I hadn't seen in ages.

"If you want more than one adventure. No pressure. But I'd be OK with it, if you are."

My heart pounded even faster, and my panties were thoroughly drenched. I asked my husband, "Well, who's talking to him? Me or you?"

His hand slid up my thigh beneath the table, and he gave my leg a squeeze. I was going to fuck him so hard when we got back to the hotel room.

"I'll do it. Leave it all to me," said Keith, who did indeed leave our table to chat with the lanky server before whisking me up to our room.

Kneeling on the bed, I sucked Keith's dick like my life depended on it. I was so turned on by the idea of him watching me with another man that I felt like I was going to come before he'd even touched me.

I brought my husband so close to climaxing, he practically growled. Keith pulled back from me, and then positioned me on all fours. My hands clutched the bedsheets as he hiked up my skirt and yanked down my panties. I wriggled and shifted, helping him pull my undies all the way off. Then he grabbed my hips and thrust into my cunt.

We fucked like animals, quick and dirty. He reached around, bringing his fingers to my clit and strumming me to a fierce orgasm. I climaxed seconds before he came inside me.

As we relaxed together, Keith said, "So I talked to Ken. Ken the waiter. And we have a date with him tomorrow in the late afternoon. Before his shift starts."

"I can't wait."

Keith's fingers slipped inside my cunt as he said, "Me either." Then he worked me to another orgasm with fingers that knew my pussy almost as well as my own.

The following day came quickly. Ken said hello, entered our room and gave me a kiss, sparking a sensation that shot straight to my pussy. Knowing Keith was sitting nearby in the upholstered, high-back chair—and intently watching us—made it all the better for me.

Ken pulled me hard against him and slid his hand beneath my skirt as he whispered, "Is this OK?" But he didn't wait for my answer and pushed his hand into my panties.

Yes, yes, yes, I thought, nodding crazily as his fingers grazed my crotch.

Ken tugged down the front of my top and latched onto my nipple with his lips. As he drew on that nub, he also slipped a finger inside my pussy. My body sagged against his, overwhelmed by the feel of him penetrating me and the sensation of him suckling my tender tit.

Ken pushed a second finger inside me. He curled his digits within me, nudging his fingertips against my wet walls as he moved his lips to my other nipple.

Keith grunted from the corner. It was a husky sound of approval that sent butterflies fluttering in my stomach.

I stood on tiptoe, arching my back and pressing my body closer to Ken's. His fingers flexed and thrust. I gave in to the pleasure he triggered, coming easily.

When Ken withdrew his fingers, they were wet with my juices. He pushed them into my mouth, and I sucked on them.

Keith uttered an animalistic sound that made the hair on the back of my neck stand on end.

"I think you really need to fuck her,"

CREDIT: LORENZO TALIANI MODEL: INÉS TROCCHIA

my husband announced.

Ken didn't need to be told twice. He hooked his arms around my waist and lifted me up. He deposited me horizontally on the hotel bed and stripped me, taking his time to run his fingers over my nude body. Then he stripped himself, keeping his eyes locked on me.

I glanced at Keith, who was sitting there with a raging hard-on in his shorts. He had an odd look on his face. Expectation? Desire? Excitement? Or maybe all of them at once.

Ken spread my legs and dropped down to give my pussy a few hearty licks. He dragged his tongue along my clit and lavished my folds with oral attention. After a few more maddening swipes of his tongue across my clitoris, he pushed his body between my thighs and dragged the head of his cock across my slit. My body bucked involuntarily at the sensation of his hard-on traversing my sensitive clit.

"Fuck me," I begged. I tilted my head back and looked at my husband, upside down. Keith's expression was intense, and I wanted to fuck him just as badly as I did this stranger.

But Ken stopped my train of thought by plunging his big dick into my pussy. I gasped, my cunt quivering around him. I gripped his lean hips and moved against him with every thrust, so our bodies collided in the best possible way. His cock hit all my sweet spots, and when I glanced toward my husband, I saw him leisurely jerking off. I knew the combination of Ken's cock and Keith's excitement would send me over the edge.

I squeezed my pussy muscles around Ken's cock and slammed up to meet him.

"That pussy of yours," Ken said. "It's too good. I don't think I'll last much longer."

"Me either," I confessed, giving him one final squeeze with my internal muscles as he drove into me fiercely.

I came, crying out at a startlingly loud volume. Ken, set off by own orgasm, flooded me with his come. His warm load filled me, dribbled out of me and coated my upper thighs.

I laid there catching my breath as Ken put his clothes back on as quickly has he had removed them. Once he'd dressed, my husband—still sporting a woody—led our guest to the door and showed him out.

Keith returned to me wearing nothing but a happy smile.

"You were a hit. He's already asking if he can see us again."

I eyed my husband's erection and said, "You enjoyed watching that."

"Yeah, I did." Keith pushed my thighs apart, so he could see my messy pussy—flushed, plump and leaking jizz. "Let me show you how much."

He pinned my arms above my head and slid his cock into my cunt with ease.

My clit was so tender. His every thrust sent a zing of pleasure through me. He latched his mouth onto my throat, drew on it and marked me as his own as he fucked me faster and harder. I wrapped my legs around his waist and moved with him. When he came, I came, too, feeling the hot rush of his cream inside me and his warm breath on my shoulder.

"On the bed on my hands and knees, I could see my husband watching us."

He looked down at me, panting and flushed with pleasure.

"I have someone else in mind for you," he said.

My interest was piqued, but I wasn't allowed to know who he'd chosen until we went to dinner the next night.

I wore a short green dress with strappy sandals and put my hair in a ponytail. We sat at a table outside, and I couldn't help but look around as I tried to spot the next person my husband wanted me to fuck.

"He's not here," Keith said, guessing what I was doing.

"Damn!" I laughed. "Well, where is he, and how did you meet him?"

"At the hotel. He runs the joint."

I gaped at him before asking, "The manager?"

He nodded.

I remembered him well. Said manager was 6-foot-6 easily. The day we first met him, he was wearing a well-tailored light summer suit, and he filled it out very nicely. He had dark yet luminous skin, an adorable smile and intense brown eyes.

"He has an ass to die for," I blurted out. Then we both laughed.

"When?"

At first, Keith looked like he wasn't going to answer me. But then he said, "We'll have a light dinner, a drink or two, and then go back to our room. He'll be waiting there for us."

"How will he get in?" I asked, and then laughed at myself for the question.

"He is the manager," Keith said. "He'll get in." Then he leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "Into the room, and then into my wife."

I could barely contain my excitement throughout our dinner.

As we walked back to our digs, my whole body was buzzing. I wanted it all over again: a stranger inside me and my husband keeping watch.

We walked into our room and found the manager sitting in a chair in the corner. He rose when we entered, and I marveled again at how tall he was.

"Curtis," Keith said jovially, shaking his hand.

Curtis nodded and asked my husband, "Are you sure about this?"

"Very," Keith said. "You've met my lovely wife."

Curtis kissed my hand gently. I couldn't help myself; I giggled.

"I look forward to getting to know you much better," he said, and I sighed in response. "May I?" he asked.

I nodded, and with that, he whisked my dress up over my head.

Keith took a seat and deliberately faded into the background.

Curtis peeled down the cups of my bra. His thumbs stroked my nipples until they stood up in hard little peaks. Then he bent to suckle one. The sensation of him drawing on my tit went right to my cunt. He moved on to the other nipple, and I shivered. My aching pussy was unbearably wet. He whipped off my bra and panties, leaving me naked.

"Touch her," Keith whispered from the dim corner. "I bet her cunt is absolutely soaked."

It was, and I got even wetter when Curtis spread me out on the bed, parted my legs and went to work licking my pussy. He lapped at me softly and with a rhythm that wiped my mind. It wasn't hard. I was already half gone with horniness.

Curtis licked me heartily, and I pushed on the back of his head with my hand. I shoved my pussy hard against his busy mouth. My orgasm hit so swiftly, it stole my breath. I tried to move back, so I could encourage him to get on top of me. But he grabbed my hips, hauled me back and challenged, "Who said I was done with you?"

Upon hearing his words, I nearly came again.

Curtis's mouth went back to work, delivering whisper-light licks along my folds. His tongue nudged my clit, then two broad fingers slid deep inside me. He finger-fucked me, and I bucked my hips, eagerly taking every stroke.

Curtis stayed on target, moving his fingers in and out swiftly and sucking my clit eagerly.

I heard Keith groan, and I came once more, my juices flowing from my pussy and coating Curtis's fingers.

My lover stood and stripped off his clothes, while keeping his intense gaze focused on me. He'd worn a casual polo and shorts since he was off duty. But when his shorts and briefs came down, I saw his hard cock was ready to get to work.

I took hold of his shaft, stroking him eagerly. There was no hiding how much I wanted him.

Curtis urged me back and pressed his erection against my pussy. My body parted for him and took him in, my muscles milking his thick cock. He thrust deep, and when I relaxed fully and freely accepted him, he increased his pace.

He settled most of his weight against me and licked my earlobe, then he gave me a little nip. That sharp bite of pain blazed through my center. My pussy clenched around his girth, and he released a satisfied sound.

"You want it harder?"

"Yes," I gasped.

He pulled free of me and then flipped me onto my belly. At his urging, I got on my hands and knees as his palms skated over my hips. Every touch was pure pleasure and made me crave him plunging back inside me.

I could see my husband watching us. This time, his hands were on his lap, but he wasn't touching his cock. However, his face spoke volumes, and I knew his dick had to be achingly hard.

Curtis got behind me, his hands squeezing my hips as his dick slid along my slit teasingly. And then finally, blissfully, he plunged into my wet recesses and started to fuck me. He filled me to the brim with cock, jamming into me so fast and hard he rocked me forward.

I saw a flash of excitement in Keith's eyes, and that excitement amped up my own.

Curtis looped his arm beneath my belly, holding me tight as he rode me hard. Every thrust pushed me forward, while every withdrawal pulled me back. I shut my eyes, feeling the intense pleasure of his shaft driving in and out of my pussy.

Meanwhile, I heard Keith exhale loud and slow. That was the sound of my husband trying to keep his control. I knew it well.

Curtis slid his hand down, cupped my mound, found my clit with his finger and stroked it. He used simple, even strokes, up and then back. It was as if he was painting my flesh with pleasure.

I moaned and found my rhythm, pushing back to take every inch of his thrusting cock.

I pushed my hand beneath my body, moving him out of the way and taking control of my satisfaction. I stroked my clitoris, dragging my fingertip over that swollen knot of flesh and drawing whirls on my tender skin.

Keith approached us and placed his palm on the hand I had braced on the bed. I was trembling, trying to balance myself and keep stroking my pussy at the same time.

"Come for him, baby," he said, leaning close to my flushed face.

The sound of Keith's voice made my nipples grow hard, and my skin rippled with excitement.

Curtis slapped his hand against my ass, the impact making a loud crack. I cried out loud, and he repeated the act, spanking my ass firmly. I moaned as the intense sting faded into a warm, syrupy pleasure. My pussy flexed around his shaft as Keith continued watching us intently.

Another blow landed, then another, and every burst of pain made my pleasure more intense. I gave my clit a smack, paused, and then went back to stroking myself. I soon came, falling forward against the bed. My orgasm was sudden and intense, and it stole my breath.

Curtis pumped into me a few more times, and then I felt his sudden withdrawal, followed by the warm rain of his come splashing on my ass cheeks.

Keith's face wore a look more intense than any I'd ever before seen.

Shortly afterward, Keith sent happy Curtis on his way, and then I was on my back, with my legs spread and my husband nestled between my thighs.

Keith fucked me furiously, his body trembling over mine. I was really worked up from my encounter with Curtis, so it didn't take much to push me toward another release. I came, my pussy milking him. In response, he went taut and emptied into me with a gruff cry.

"Did you enjoy your adventure?" he asked. "Will you remember our time here?"

I snuggled closer to him, thinking our trip had featured the most memorable sex I'd ever had.

I assured him, "I believe we've made more than enough memories to keep us warm back home through the cold winter. Very, very warm."

—L. Kiernan

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APPROVED

PENTHOUSE FORUM

A LUCKY STUD MAKES SWEET MUSIC WITH HIS LONGTIME CRUSH

ROCK STEADY

MY old college crush Amy was an up-and-coming musician, taking the stage like she'd always dreamed. I still carried a torch for her, so I packed a travel bag and headed out to catch her band's string of concerts in my state.

Deep down, I was hoping to connect with her again as more than a friend. I lit out, driving six hours to reach the first show.

My heart ached to see her, and my body wasn't far behind. I was nursing a hard-on for most of the drive up north.

The concert was on a college campus. Before the lights dimmed, I'd squirmed my way up to the front, where fans were jammed together.

The band hit the stage and launched into a song. The guitarist shredded, the drummer pounded, the lead singer shrieked. But my eyes were on the bassist.

It was her! Amy looked awesome—toned, fit and in her natural element. She wore cutoffs, boots and a leather vest with nothing on underneath.

Her thighs were creamy and taut. Her cleavage was mesmerizing. On her face was a look of rapture as her fingers worked her thumping strings. My heart swelled with joy for her, and my cock pulsed with desire.

Around her right wrist was a dog collar. I remembered it had belonged to a beloved pet.

It was a great show. So was the next one. And the next. At every gig I tried to make eye contact with her. But when she looked out at the crowd, she seemed to be in a transcendental state, caught in some rock-'n'-roll nirvana.

At the fourth concert, when the band came forward to take their bows, I waved my arms wildly in the front line of spectators. I screamed her name hoarsely but couldn't even hear myself over the cheers.

For a second, I thought she saw me, and hope surged insanely in me. But she took her bows and vacated the stage with her bandmates.

I lingered outside the venue. My bones felt like they were still vibrating with the music. But I was starting to think maybe it was a fool's errand, and I should head home.

> **"Amy started bobbing her head, deep-throating me with every downward lunge."**

A hand fell on my shoulder, and a big roadie asked, "You Evan?" I couldn't speak, could only nod. He led me back inside and through a door beside the stage. A minute later, I was in a dressing room with one other occupant—Amy.

She beamed at me and said, "Holy fuck! It is you."

With that she ran at me, and before I knew it, her arms were around me and she was squealing with pleasure. She gushed that she thought she'd seen me the last couple nights and added, "But tonight I was convinced!"

I couldn't believe she remembered me—and obviously quite fondly. Everything in me was stirring—my emotions were raw, and my head was spinning. Amy hadn't let me out of our embrace. Her crotch was flush with mine, and she quipped, "You sure feel like you're glad to see me."

I realized I had a hard-on. Embarrassment consumed me, but before I could apologize, her mouth suddenly settled against mine. She kissed me hard and deep, as we'd never kissed before.

When we broke the lip-lock, both of us were gasping. She looked hesitant and asked, "Uh, was that OK?"

"Hell yes," I whispered, barely believing what had just happened. Then we were kissing again, with our tongues tangling. She rolled her hips and ground herself against my throbbing cock.

There was a couch in the dressing room, and we tumbled onto it, with Amy pulling me down on top of her. Beneath me, her body felt soft and firm in all the right places. She was still thrusting her tongue against mine as she reached around to clutch my ass.

Her actions emboldened me. I closed a hand over her breast, squeezing it through the leather vest she was still wearing. She writhed with pleasure, so I slipped my hand inside it, finding her stiff nipple.

She started clawing at my clothes, so I shucked my shirt and undid my pants. She wriggled under me as she, too, stripped. Somehow we managed to get naked without ever getting off the couch.

We were nude and pressed together, and every inch of my flesh felt alive. We kissed ravenously again, then I shifted, kissing her throat and moving further down to suck on her tits.

She shoved those generous mounds against my mouth. When I nibbled her hard nips, her whole body bucked. In a delirium of happiness, I kissed a wet trail across her belly. She opened her thighs, and I dropped down between them.

Her pussy gleamed, already slick with expectation. Her scent made me dizzy, and my mouth watered for a taste of her. I had dreamt of that very moment countless times back in school.

I slithered my tongue along her slit, and her hips jerked. I licked her up and down with more force. When I parted her pussy lips with my tongue tip, she shouted and grabbed a handful of my hair.

I plunged my tongue inside, getting her full flavor, and delved further into her silken interior. Zeroing in on her clit, I found it gratifyingly swollen with arousal. I batted the stiff bud with my tongue.

Her thighs closed almost crushingly around my skull, which I didn't mind at all. Neither did I object to how hard she was pulling my hair. I could feel a great swarm of orgasmic energy coursing through her, building and building.

She came with a wild cry, and her juices flooded my hungry mouth. My cock dribbled pre-come in sympathy.

I sat up, taking in the sight of her as my chin was smeared with her wetness. Amy lay in a post-climactic stupor for a few seconds, and I'd never seen a woman look so content and beautiful.

But suddenly, a new gleam shone in her eyes, and she came up and aggressively pushed me onto my back. She shouldered her way between my legs, her hand closing gently over my balls, and her open mouth was poised over my swollen cockhead. I felt her hot breath for a brief moment, then her luscious mouth dropped onto my cock. Like her, my hips bucked automatically. But as I thrust up, Amy sucked my shaft right down to the base without a hitch.

Dumbfounded, I felt my crown throbbing in her throat. Felt the suction of her mouth. Felt her tongue wriggling crazily on my staff. She groaned lustfully, and that humming was transmitted directly to me, sending pleasure ricocheting through my entire being.

Somehow I managed not to come in those first few seconds. Amy started bobbing her head, deep-throating me with every downward lunge. Her tongue stayed busy, and she softly squeezed my balls.

After a time, her head came up. Huskily, she said, "My pussy needs your cock!"

I didn't argue. She climbed onto me and lowered her cunt onto my oak-hard meat. Again, I thrust up instinctively, and she cried out as she rocked all the way down on me. She planted her knees, put her palms on my chest, and rode me like a wild woman. I reached up to caress her breasts, tweaking her nipples to make her squeal some more.

> **"Pleasure rattled me, and when my spunk started to jet, she was right there with me."**

At that moment, I was finally fulfilling my long-held deep desire to fuck Amy!

She bounced on my boner, wearing a transported expression—a more lusty version of the one she'd displayed onstage. Pleasure oozed from her, seemingly heating the atmosphere of the dressing room. I was an eyeblink away from blowing my load, but somehow I stayed in that state, right on the brink and reveling in erotic wonder.

I watched her second climax gather and visibly shake her. Her eyes flashed, and her head whipped from side to side. She rode me wildly, then slammed down, and held herself there. A great bone-deep shivering took hold of her, and I saw her orgasm fully consume her. She shrieked like she was still in concert.

Finally, she collapsed onto me, soft and lovely. She murmured, "I want to feel your come in me, Evan."

I moved her onto her back and slipped my cock into her warm snatch once again. I stroked in and out of her as my heightened state of near-orgasm still gripped me. But that sensation quickly slipped away, and I felt myself rapidly approaching the end.

Upping the pace and intensity of my thrusts, I fucked her harder, and she grunted underneath me. Pleasure rattled me, and when my spunk started to jet, she was right there with me, adding another sexual zenith to what she'd already experienced.

Afterward, we nuzzled and nestled our bodies together.

Shyly, she said, "I always had a crush on you, you know."

"No," I said, laughing softly. "I didn't know."

"But you always had some woman on your arm."

"Well, you must have tons of groupies now, right?" I said, careful not to give my voice a jealous edge. I was just glad we'd had that encounter.

She shook her head, and I touched the dog collar still wrapped around her slender wrist and added, "Still wearing Elmo's collar?"

Her eyes lit up. She seemed genuinely touched that I remembered her pooch. She kissed me, and I knew that incredible evening wouldn't be our only night together.

—E.K., via email

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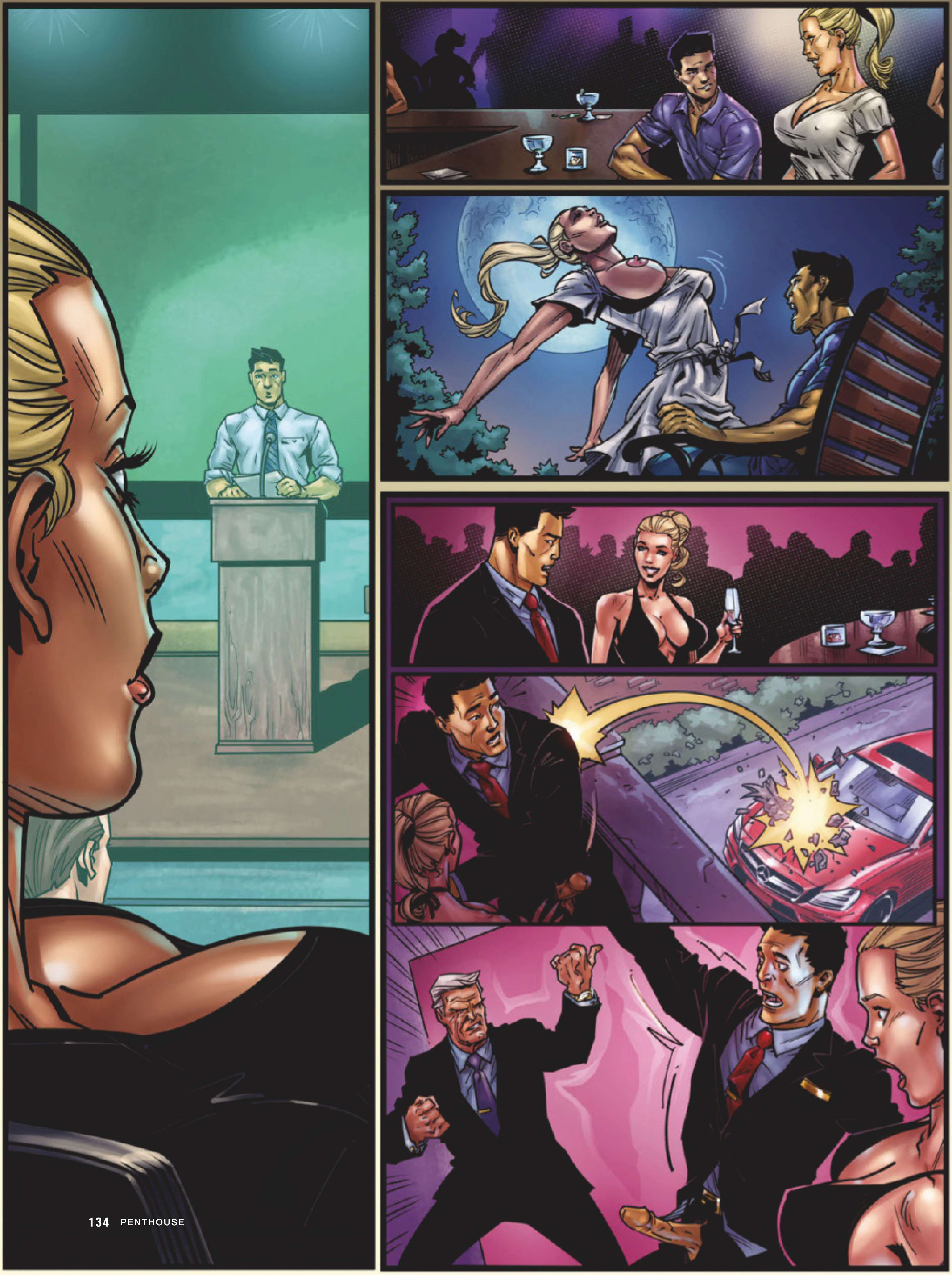

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REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

PANDORA'S BOX

HEADING back to campus was weird for me because I was returning not as a student but as a lecturer. My ultimate goal was to one day land a tenure-track spot in a history department at a prestigious university. However, I wasn't going to pass up a job at my alma mater, which wasn't all that prestigious, to be honest. I knew I was lucky. Academic positions aren't an easy thing to snag. But I'll tell you what was easy—the petite blonde with big hooters who took the seat directly in front of my podium during my very first class!

The chick looked like trouble from the get-go. She wore a low-cut, V-neck tee that showed off her cleavage, a short skirt and sexy stilettos. As if that wasn't bad enough, she sucked her pen between her ruby red lips like it was a tiny cock. I was sweating bullets as I stuttered through my introduction to Colonial American studies before the roomful of disinterested undergrads.

Well, they weren't all disinterested. I could practically feel the hot blonde's eyes boring into me. I'd wanted to wander around the stage as I spoke to the students to present a casual air. But my boner was threatening to bust through my pants, so I hid behind the lectern for the entire lesson!

I did my best not to stare at the enticing coed, but she clearly wanted more personalized instruction from me. As everyone else filed out of the lecture hall, she sashayed over and introduced herself. Pandora.

She was a goddess, all right. But I'd later learn she was a wicked one.

I politely smiled when she told me how much she was looking forward to the semester and managed to maintain a professional attitude. But when I ran into her later that week at an off-campus bar—after I was three whiskeys to the wind—my best laid plans turned into the best lay of my life!

We left the bar at closing time and wandered through a deserted park. I offered to walk her back to her dorm because of the late hour. But my head was swimming from booze, so I suggested we stop and sit on a park bench. As soon as my butt hit the seat, she was unzipping my pants and sucking my dick between her lips. I shouldn't have given in. But she was too sexy and her mouth felt so good.

Pandora didn't stop there. She hiked up her maxi dress and impaled her pussy on my spit-slickened dick. She rode me like a woman possessed, right there in the middle of the park!

Bracing one hand on my shoulder to give herself some leverage, she snuck her free hand down below to finger her clit. She howled at the moonlit sky as she came, and her spasming pussy triggered my own release.

Then she hopped off my deflating dick and suggested we get on our way.

I might have thought the whole episode was a dream—except I found her red lipstick smeared across the front of my khakis when I woke up in them the next morning.

I should have known it was too good to last.

The college's president announced there was going to be a big fundraising shindig in October, attended by a bunch of deep-pocketed alumni. I was one of the few younger instructors selected to attend, so I dressed in my best suit and headed off for a night of schmoozing. But I was shocked to find Pandora in attendance!

I didn't have a chance to ask her why she was there. But when I dipped outside onto a balcony for some fresh air, she followed me. I began to talk, but she shut me up with a kiss. Pandora started pawing at my pants, and I hissed at her to knock it off. She didn't pay any attention to me, and neither did my dick, which sprung out of my open fly. We weren't all that far from the building's main ballroom, which meant there was a real risk of us getting caught!

I started flailing around and hit a loose balcony finial that went tumbling into the parking lot below. The plaster pineapple made a loud crash, and I looked over the railing to see a Mercedes with a smashed windshield—and the car was parked in the president's spot.

"Shit, my dad's gonna freak," Pandora said.

I practically choked and squeaked, "Your dad?"

"Yeah, her dad," said the peeved prez, who'd suddenly appeared to find me in the company of his blushing daughter with my peen hanging out of my pants. The next thing he said was: "Zip up and zip out, buddy."

And that's how my academic career became history.

—W.D., Boston, Mass.

FLASHBACK

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